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Selections.

From the Free Labor Advocate.

MEMORIAL AND PROTEST,

To the Legislative and Executive Departments of the United States of America.

Your memorialists, deeply impressed with a conviction of the anti-Christian nature and devastating effects of war, and feeling that a solemn obligation rests upon us, in common with all our fellow-citizens, to labor earnestly for the spread of the kingdom of the Redeemer, who is emphatically styled the Prince of Peace, and whose advent into the world was announced by the angelic anthem of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men," feel it to be our duty at the present eventful and portentous period, most earnestly, but with all due regard to the exalted position you hold in the counsels of the nation, and under a sense of our own humble sphere, to ask your serious attention to a few brief remarks. We are taught by the precepts of our Divine Master, to regard all men as our brethren, to love our enemies, and to pray for them that despitefully use us, and persecute us; and we believe these precepts and injunctions can never be made to comport with the spirit and practice of war. They were not given merely as a beautiful system of ethics, to be admired for their excellency and praised for their wisdom, but as *practical* principles, intended to be carried out in the lives and exemplified in the conduct of the followers of their Divine Author. They were intended to apply to all conditions in life—to communities as well as to individuals. We do not find any exceptions, exempting nations from the obligation to conform their conduct to these cardinal precepts of the great Lawgiver. They are universal in their nature, and in their obligation, and nations no more than individuals can violate them with impunity. In this consists the supreme excellency of the Christian morality; that it teaches the universal brotherhood of man, and enjoins upon communities as well as individuals to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

We are taught by the history of the past, that God often manifests his displeasure at the wickedness of nations by signal chastisements and national overthrow. Besides, nations are composed of individuals, and each individual is answerable at the bar of Divine Justice for the part he has taken in, or the sanction he has given to, national wickedness, either by the omission of his duty, in not testifying against it, or by using his influence to promote it and actively participating therein.

With these views of individual and national accountability to God, and under the influence of love to our country, with desires for the promotion of its true interests, the happiness of all men and the glory of God, we have believed it to be our duty to address you by way of memorial and solemn protest, requesting you to use your influence to promote the establishment of universal peace, and the eradication of the spirit of war from the face of the earth; and remonstrating with all the earnestness and force we are capable of, and yet in the spirit of kindness and love, against the prosecution of the war already commenced with Mexico, and against the measures that have led thereto.

For the sake of humanity, for the sake of abused and disgraced Christianity, for the sake of the crushed and bleeding hearts of weeping widows and helpless orphans, made destitute by the bloody scourge of war, for the sake of all that is desirable on earth, or hoped for in Heaven, we entreat you to put forth your utmost exertions to avert the threatened, awful catastrophe of a war with Great Britain, by an amicable adjustment of all the difficulties existing between the two nations, by negotiation, arbitration, or by soliciting the mediation of some friendly power. By one of these methods must the question be settled at last, and it will be no more likely to be settled satisfactorily, and upon just principles, after suffering all the horrors, the miseries, the devastating, desolating and awfully demoralizing effects of a protracted war, than if it were done without a resort to such direful measures.

It would exceed our proper limits, and indeed it is so plain a case, that it seems to us unnecessary to go into an extended argument to show the folly, the madness and the wickedness of war, and its utter irreconcilability with the benign precepts of the Gospel. Your own good sense will be sufficient to convince you of this. Suffice it to say, no injuries that *could* be inflicted upon us, as a nation, by foreign powers, were we to adopt and carry out the principles of the Gospel of peace, would be more than a feather to a mountain of lead, in comparison with the incalculable calamities of war.

How imperative, then, is the call upon this Government to adopt the peace policy in all its intercourse with other nations, and to use its influence to promote, by treaty stipulations, the establishment of a principle of international law by which all controversies should be required to be settled by negotiation, arbitration, or mediation; or the establishment of a Congress or general court of nations as a tribunal to be resorted to as a final appeal, in case the other means should fail to give satisfaction.

And now, with regard to the present difficulty with Mexico, we trust you will bear with us, if we speak our sentiments plainly, and without disguise. Our design is, not to give offence, or to injure the feelings of any, but to speak the truth in love, and thus to discharge our duty in the sight of God, and before men. We state, then, our firm conviction that the war with Mexico is justly chargeable to the iniquitous conduct of the citizens and Government of the United States. Texas was once the property of Mexico, as all acknowledge, and she has never transferred her title to it, by negotiation nor by acknowledgment of her independence. The truth is, as appears evident to us, that citizens of the United States, in violation of all law, both national and international, for the base purpose of re-establishing Slavery where it had been abolished by Mexico, got up a crusade, which was connived at by our Government, and encouraged by many of our leading men, who held important offices in the Government; publicly and in the face of the sun, raised men, and arms, and military stores, for the wicked and avowed design of wresting Texas from the Government of Mexico, with the intention of converting it again into a slave State, and annexing it to the United States. And all this for the purpose of extending and strengthening Slavery. Subsequent events prove, beyond a possibility of doubt, that our Government, under the controlling influence of the slaveholding interest, actually connived at and approved the conduct of these lawless desperadoes, and have consummated the base schemes which they began. The result is before us; and we say again, we feel in duty bound to enter our solemn protest against this whole scheme of iniquity. We intreat you in all candor, to pause and reflect,—open your eyes to see the glaring injustice we, as a nation, have done and are doing to a weaker nation,—think not that we are safe, and have nothing to fear. If Mexico is weak, let us remember that God is strong. Think not that because our national punishment is delayed, the arm of the Lord is shortened, or that he winks at our great transgression. The day of retribution *must come*, and who knows how nigh it may be, or by what means it may be visited upon us. Who knows but Mexico, whom in the pride of our hearts we have despised for her weakness, may be made the instrument to humble our haughty crest of pride, and to teach us that over all, and through all, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let the nation be wise, then, and repent—stop the effusion of blood which has begun to flow—do justice to the injured—let the oppressed whom we have consigned to the prison-house of Slavery, go free, and humble ourselves before the God of Heaven—it may be he will yet have mercy upon this guilty nation.

Signed on behalf and by direction of a Meeting of the Representatives of Indiana Yearly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends, held at Newport, Wayne county, Indiana, 5th month 23d, 1846.

BENJAMIN STANTON, Clerk.

From the Boston Investigator.

A MINISTER AND HIS SLAVE.

MR. EDITOR:—As an instance of the strange infatuation of the human mind, under the influence of religious feeling, by which everything is amalgamated, the good and bad in one crucible, and presented as a thank-offering to God, suffer me to present to you the case of a clergyman in Georgia, in whose family I was, in 1816, a family teacher. He was a very large, portly, tall man, of the sanguineous constitution, with a full head of hair as white as wool, with the peculiar reverend glaze of his seventy-second year upon it. He had lost none of his vigor, having been diligent in business while serving the Lord, and by three times prosperous marriage, and thrifty management, had his plantation and one hundred working hands. Every other Sabbath he preached about six miles off, in a small church, for all denominations; and, on the Sabbath morning on which he inflicted with his own hand, punishment on a fine, open-faced, and handsomely formed young female slave, was about starting, in company with myself, to the place of worship. His lady informed him that Susan had not been in the house that morning, and presumed she was playing *possum*—that is, was pretending to be sick. He immediately called her with a voice of a Stentor, angry, imperious, and vindictive. We were on a back piazza, raised about four feet from the ground. As I had no idea that he would use violence, it being the Sabbath, and he a minister of the Gospel, I remained on the piazza. Catching down a large cowskin, as the timid young woman presented herself, and with the aspect of a demon, if there is one, the following dialogue and scene of barbarity ensued:—

Minister. Come here, you black wench! come close to the shed, that I may see and feel you—sick, are you? hah! sick! Why didn't you come at sunrise?

Susan. I am very sick, my dear, good master! I did come, and nobody was up—I was faint, and too sick to come again. Do n't whip me, my dear, good master—I am too sick!

Minister. Off with your shawl, you trollop—I'll cure you!

Susan. Oh! my God! have mercy on me!

Minister. Off with your shawl, in an instant, or I will order the driver to tie you up to a hundred!

The poor girl, weak and trembling, now pulled off her shawl, only exclaiming—"Oh! I am too sick! My dear, good, Christian master, don't whip me!" Her dress was low, her breasts full, and shoulders naked. He brought down the cowskin with all his strength, inflicting white welts and drawing blood at every stroke upon her shoulders and breasts, the young creature shrieking all the time, "Oh! master! oh! master! Oh! Lord! God! Oh! oh! oh! Lord!" He expended his strength and passion, and, after twenty cruel blows, the poor sick girl went to her sick room, for she was too sick to be able to work.

He now adjusted himself for church, and preached from the text—"Being therefore justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have received the atonement." You may well think that I was highly edified, and suitably affected by the discourse.

I was now prepared to see and endure anything. A laughable occurrence, however, threw me off my guard, Susan got well, and being a beautiful wench, and unmarried, she had braided her hair and nicely twisted it in lead, in preparation for a handsome "friz-out" when her beau should come to see her. On a certain evening, after she had got well, he espied, as she came into the sitting-room to adjust the chairs, &c. the female taglets, and seizing a pair of scissors, exclaimed—"Come here, you black witch, and let me cut your ears off!"

He seized her by the extremities of her leaden hair, and from each side cut off the ornaments and flung them into the fire. Instead of looking to the girl, filled as I was with horror, at what I supposed was the unceremonious amputation of her ears, I gazed into the fire on the twisting, crimping, burning wool, and exclaimed—"My God! you have not only cut off, but burnt up the girl's ears?" There were three or four females of the family present, who screamed with laughter at my horror and egregious mistake. This was the comedy following the tragedy of the forementioned Sabbath. Each served, however, to convince me of the unfeeling and barbarous spirit of the minister, and the degraded, dependent condition of the slave.

In the same church, some fourteen years after, I heard a Methodist minister preach, who had put thumb-screws on the hands of a bound female slave, and left her in her agony during the long hour and a half in which he was preaching the benevolent religion of Christ! Ministers, of all others, in the slaveholding States, are unnecessarily cruel. It is a fact, which has been witnessed by thousands, and which, during my travels, I have heard frequently and freely mentioned. Why is it?

Yours, &c.

MISERECORDIA.

From the Albany Journal.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE VISITING THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The following is an extract from a letter of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, to a friend, dated April 23, 1846. The writer, be it remembered, is a "runaway slave," who, during his eight years of stolen freedom, in defiance of all the disadvantages under which his class labor, has qualified himself to think and write thus:—

I am now in the town of Ayr. It is famous for being the birthplace of Robert Burns, the poet, by whose brilliant genius every stream, hill, glen, and valley in the neighborhood have been made classic. I have felt more interest in visiting this place than any other in Scotland, for, as you are aware (painfully perhaps) I am an enthusiastic admirer of Robert Burns. Immediately on our arrival Friend Buffum and myself were joined by the Rev. Mr. Renwick, the minister in whose meeting-house we are to lecture during our stay, and proceeded forthwith to see Burns's Monument. It is about three miles from town, and situated on the south bank of the river "Doon," and within hearing of its gentle steps as it winds its way over its pebbled path to the Ocean. The place of the Monument is well chosen, being in full view of all the places mentioned and referred to in the Poet's famous poem called "Tam O'Shanter," as well as several others of his most popular poems. From the Monument (which I have not time to describe) may be seen the cottage where Burns was born—the old and new bridge across the Doon—"Kirk Alloway," called by Burns the "Haunted Kirk." The banks of the "Doon" rising majestically from the sea toward the sky, and the Clyde stretching off to the highlands of Arran, whose dim outline is scarcely discernible through the fog by which it is almost constantly overhung, makes the spot admirably and beautifully adapted to the monument of Scotland's noble bard. In the Monument there is a finely-executed marble bust of Burns—the finest thing of the kind I ever saw. I never before, looking upon it, realized the power of man to make the marble speak. The expression is so fine, and the face is so lit up, as to cause one to forget the form in gazing upon the spirit.

In another room, there are two statues carved out of free-stone—the one of Souter Johnny, and the other of Tam O'Shanter, two characters named in his most famous poem. These were also finely executed, and shared my attention, but I was drawn to Burns. In a glass case near his bust there was a Bible, given by Burns to his "sweet Highland Mary;" there is also in the same case a lock of her hair neatly fastened to a card. As I gazed on the hair of her he so dearly loved, and who by death was snatched from his bosom, and up to his bust glowing with expression, I received a vivid impression, and shared with him the deep melancholy portrayed in the following lines:

"Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou 'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou 'minds me of departed joys,
Departed never to return!

"Oft hae I rov'd by bye bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilk a bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause lover stole my rose
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!"

On our way to the Monument we enjoyed a pleasure and a privilege I shall never forget. It was that of seeing and conversing with Mrs. Beggs, an own sister of Robert Burns, and also seeing and talking with the poet's two nieces, daughters of Mrs. Beggs. They live by the road-side, in a small thatched cottage, humble but comfortable. When Mr. Renwick made them acquainted with the fact that we were from America they received us warmly. One of the nieces said her uncle was more highly esteemed in America than in Scotland. Mrs. Beggs is the youngest sister of Robert Burns, and, though now approaching eighty, she does not look to be more than sixty. She enjoys good health, is a spirited looking woman, and bids fair to live yet many days. The two daughters are truly fine-looking women. Coal black hair, full, high foreheads, and jet black eyes, sparkling with the poetic fire which illumined the breast of their brilliant uncle. Their deportment was warm and free, yet dignified and lady-like. They did everything to make our call agreeable, and they were not ignorant as to the means of putting us fully at ease. Two letters in their uncle's own hand-writing was early put into our hands. An original portrait, said to be excellent, was discoursed upon; I thought it much like those we usually see in his works.

We sat fifteen or twenty minutes. It might have been longer, as happy moments pass rapidly. Took leave—bade farewell. I saw in them so much of what I love in everybody else, I felt as if leaving old and dear friends. I have ever esteemed Robert Burns a true soul, but never could I have had the high opinion of the man, or his genius, which I now entertain, without my present knowledge of the country to which he belonged—the times in which he lived, and the broad Scotch tongue in which he wrote. Burns lived in the midst of a bigoted and besotted clergy—a pious, but corrupt generation—a proud, ambitious and contemptuous aristocracy, who, esteemed a nobleman a little more than a man, and looked upon the ploughman, such as was the noble Burns, as being little better than a brute. He became disgusted with the pious frauds, indignant at the bigotry, filled with contempt for the hollow-pretensions set up by the shallow-brained aristocracy. He broke loose from the moorings which society had thrown around him. Spurning all restraint, he sought a path for his feet, and, like all bold pioneers, he made crooked paths. We may lament it, we may weep over it, but in the language of another, we shall lament and weep with him. The elements of character [illegible] every day of our lives. We may pity him, but we can't despise him. We may condemn his faults, but only as we condemn our own. His very weakness was an index of his strength. Full of faults of a grievous nature, yet far more faultless than many who have come down to us on the page of history as saints. He was a brilliant genius, and like all of his class did much good and much evil. Let us take the good and leave the evil—let us adopt his virtues but avoid his vices—let us pursue his wisdom but shun his folly; and as death has separated his noble spirit from the corrupt and corruptible dust with which it was encumbered, so let us separate his good from his evil deeds—thus may we make him a blessing rather than a curse to the world.

Read his "Tam O'Shanter," "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Man was Made to Mourn," "To my Mary in heaven." Indeed, dear A——, read his poems, and, as I know you are no admirer of Burns, read it to gratify your friend Frederick. So much for Burns.

From the Boston Courier.

Mister Eddyter:—Our Hosea was down to Bostin' last week, and he see a cruetin' Sarjunt a struttin' round as pop'ler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin; and fifin' arter him like all nater, the sarjunt he thout hosea, hedn't got his i teeth cut cos he looked a kinder 's though he'd jest com down, so he kalkalated to hook him in, but hosy wood n't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onter his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin' up and down on his shoulders and figureed onter his coat and trousis, let alone what nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I hearn Him a thrashin' round like a short-tailed Bull in fli time, the old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle ses she our hosee's gut the chollery or suthin another ses she, don't you Bee skeered ses I, he's oney amakin' pottery ses i he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf sum mornin Hosy he cum down stares full chizzle hare on eend and cote tales flyin' and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson was dreadful tickled with 'em as i hoop you wil Be, and said they wus True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kinder slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on em bein they wus very well As thay was, and then Hosy ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sutch feller, but I guess Hosea kinder didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 years cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

(but Hosea [illegible] he's willin' to make his after david that [illegible]ed so.)

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosy's father is, cos mi ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kinder lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

Thrash away, you'll have to rattle
On them kittle drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
'Fore you git ahold o' me!

That ere flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest;
Seems we farmers have to pay for 't,
Ef you must wear humps like these,
Sposin' you should try salt hay for 't,
It would do as slick as grease.

'Twould n't suit them Southern fellers,
They 're a dreadful grospin' set,
We must ollers blow the bellers
When they want their irons het;
May be it's all right as preachin',
But my narves it kind o' grates,
When I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-driven' States.

Them that rule us, them slave-traders,
Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth,
(Helped by Yankee renegaders,)
Through the varin o' the North!

We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse and not be riled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?

As for war, I call it murder,
There you have it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no further
Than my Testyment for that;
God has said so plump and fairly,
It 's as long as it is broad,
And you 've got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts and feather
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint a follerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
And should stick a feller through,
Gov'ment aint to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

What's the use o' meetin-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it 's right to go a mowin'
Fellow-men like oats and rye?
I dunno but what it 's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it 's curus Christian dooty
To be cuttin' folk's throats.

They may talk of Freedom's airy
Till they 're purple in the face,
It 's a grand great cemetary
For the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So 's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, and to scorn ye,
And to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
Take such everlastin' pains,
All to git the devil's thankee
Helping on 'em weld their chains?
Why, it 's jest as clear as figgers,
Clear as one and one make two,
Chaps that make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make white slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
After cipherin plaguy smart,
And it makes a handy sum, too,
Any gump could larn by heart;
Laborin' man and laborin' woman
Have one glory and one shame,
Everythin' that 's done inhuman
Injers all on ye the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
You 're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Cos you 're put upon by white;
Slavery aint o' nary color,
'Taint the hide that makes it wus,
All it cares for in a feller
Is to make him fill its puss,

Want to tackle *me* in, do ye?
I expect you 'll have to wait;
When cold lead puts daylight through ye
You 'll begin to kalkylate;
'Spose the crows won 't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Cos you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home and ask our Nancy
Whether I'd be such a goose
As to jine ye,—guess you 'd fancy
The eternal bung was loose!
She wants me for home consumption,
Let alone the hay 's to mow—
Ef you 're arter folks o' gumption
You 've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors that 's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old—
Don't ketch any on 'em sprightly,
Ez they 're prime set o' fellers?
'Fore they think on 't they will sprout,
(Like a peach that 's got the yellers)
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men that 's ollers dealin'
Insults on your father's graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men that call your people
Whitewashed slaves and peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's a kneelin' with the rest,
She, that ought to ha' clung forever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She that oughter stand so fearless
While the wracks are round her hurled,
Holding up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Haint they sold your colored seamen?
Haint they made your envoys whiz?
What 'll make ye act like freemen?
What 'll git your dander riz?
Come, I 'll tell ye what I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They 'd ha' done 't as quick as winkin'
In the days of seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The traducers of our people,
The enslavers of their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this message loudly
In the ears of all the South.

"I 'll return ye good for evil
Much as we frail mortals can,
But I won't go help the devil
Makin' man the cuss of man;
Call me coward, call me traitor,
Jest as suits your mean idees,
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
And the friend of God and Peace!"

If I 'd *my* way I had rather
We should go to work and part—
They take one way, we take t'other,—
Guess it would n't break my heart;
Man had oughter put asunder
Them that God has noways joined;
And I should n't greatly wonder
If there 's thousands o' my mind.

From the Hampshire [Massachusetts] Herald.

FAVOR TO THE SOUTH.

The President has just appointed thirty-four officers for the new regiment of Mounted Riflemen, eighteen of whom are from twelve Slave States; twelve from five Western States; and but two each from Pennsylvania and New-York. The aggregate free population of these twelve Slave States is 3,587,905; that of Pennsylvania and New-York, 4,152,954; being greater by 565,049! And yet the former has eighteen of the officers, and the latter but four! *Not a solitary officer is appointed from New England!*

And here let it be observed, that the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major, and *every one of these officers* (as the Washington correspondent of the New-York Evening Post remarks,) *whose position carries with it honor, influence, distinction, and salary, is taken from the South!*

"There is (says this correspondent of the New-York Evening Post,) nothing accidental in this.—The injustice has been long premeditated, and indeed is only in the usual and common course of proceeding in cases involving the respective claims of Northern and Southern men. If it is not generally known by the people, I can inform them that nearly three-fourths of the offices in the army and navy are filled by appointments from the South. Some months ago I took the trouble to prepare from official records, tables indicating the geographical distribution of Government favors. If I can lay my hands upon it, I will send it to you, and it will surprise you. But this I recollect, that of the fourteen regiments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry composing the army, eight are commanded by men appointed from Virginia and Maryland, and in regard to these two States, including this district, nearly the same proportion of court favor has been showered down upon them in all the other grades of office in both services, and in the civil departments, for the last forty-five years.

* * * * *

"I am quite sensible that the indignation which I may express concerning these things will be thrown away, and that many, and very excellent and orthodox Democrats will be astonished at my impudence, and set me down at once as no better than an Abolitionist. It is a part of the cunning with which this system of Southern supremacy is sustained, to denounce any one who may become so far provoked as to expose it, as an Abolitionist, in the [illegible] founded hope of hunting him down with such an odious hue and cry. It seemed a poor trick, indeed, but it has done notable service in its day. The cry of Abolitionism in this country is nearly equivalent to that favorite gathering cry of the tory party in England. "Our holy religion, our venerable Constitution," which only means that all who are not tories are infidels and incendiaries.

"But to revert to Oregon. As you justly say, every movement in regard to the recognition of the inhabitants of that territory, as citizens of the United States has been made tardily and reluctantly, in very marked contrast to the haste with which Texas was pulled into the Union. Nobody has forgotten Mr. Calhoun's most offensive and undiplomatic manifestoes against the alleged interference of Great Britain in reference to the project of Annexation, and the anxiety which he then manifested to pick a quarrel with that power upon the presumption that she was opposed to his own avowed plans for the extension of Slavery. His treaty, it was true, was rejected by the Senate almost with indignation, and his correspondence treated with no excess of respect. But when Oregon came up, how daintily he trod, how beautifully he discoursed of peace, how patriotically he lamented the disposition to extend our boundaries, how tender he was of the feelings and the prejudices of our adversary. In short, how desperately he struggled to keep Oregon out of the Union, or rather to dissever it from the Union."

From the Journal of Commerce.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

The Tribune says its friend Cassius has gone to Texas, and regrets it much. A correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser, writing from Shelbyville, Ky. June 8th, says:—

"The company commanded by Cassius M. Clay passed through this place on Saturday. I confess that it was with a feeling almost akin to astonishment, that I saw him occupying such a position. I heard, the other night, on board of a steamboat on the Ohio, that he had been elected to a command, and refused to believe it. But there was no denying it when I saw him mounted on a spirited horse, with a brace of pistols in his belt, cheering on his men. I supposed that his course on the Slavery question would hold him back"

The same writer states that five other companies passed through that town on the same day, and three more on the day following, on their way to Louisville, where they were to be inspected on the 8th. He adds:—

"As a general thing, finer young men I never saw; a large portion of them are from families of the first respectability in the State, and I could not but think, as I saw them moving gallantly along, that they little knew the danger, and trials, and sufferings, which awaited them. They were all in high spirits, and as some of them shouted "good-bye" to the lookers on, they little thought that it was a parting word forever.

"A man went through here this morning, post-haste from one of the upper counties, in pursuit of an officer of one of the companies, whose wife has died since his departure. It seemed that she wished him not to go, but he was determined, and thinking it best went without bidding her farewell. When tidings came that he had actually gone, she dropped dead on the spot. I cannot but feel sorry for those wives and mothers of my country who are called to part from their husbands and sons just now. The strong cords of their affection are snapped roughly asunder, many of them, alas! never to be united again."

We are indebted to Mr. Severance, and to Mr. Delano, himself, for copies of the speech of the latter gentleman, on the Bill declaring that, "a state of war exists by the act of the Republic of Mexico." We give from it an extract which puts the whole question in a clear light:

Let us briefly inquire, then, what does *rightfully* belong to Texas, and to do this we must look at the facts. In the year 1834, the Mexican Government appointed General Almonte, one of her distinguished citizens, to settle and establish the boundary between the provinces of Texas and Coahuila, both at that time forming part of the Mexican Republic; Texas having been attached to Coahuila for want of the prerequisites of a separate department. In his official report, General Almonte states, "that Texas is situated between 28 and 35 degrees north latitude, and 17 degrees to 25 degrees of longitude west from Washington." In the Legislative acts of Coahuila and Texas, the boundary of Texas commences at the mouth of the Aransas, (the first stream north of the Nueces,) and follows that river to its source; thence in a line to the junction of the Medina and San Antonio, near Bexar, and following the Medina to its source; thence in a westerly line to Chihuahua. These lines, thus adopted by Texas herself as a constituent member of the joint Legislature, will be found to correspond, substantially, with the boundaries given by General Almonte.*

But this is not all. Mrs. Holly is the author of a work on Texas, written prior to the Texan Revolution, and before the boundary between Coahuila and Texas had been settled.

This work is understood to have been prepared under the advice and by the direction of Stephen F. Austin, who is, I believe, the founder of the Texas settlement. His strong prejudices in favor of Texas would have induced him to err, if he erred at all, in making claims beyond her rights, not short of them. This work, in defining Texas, says: "Its latitude is from 28 to 34 degrees north, and it is bounded by Louisiana on the east; by Red river, which divides it from Arkansas, on the north; by the *Nueces river*, which divides it from Tamaulipas and Coahuila, on the west; and by the Gulf of Mexico on the south." Here the Nueces, instead of the Aransas, is made the boundary on the west; and its northern boundary is upon the 34th, instead of the 35th, degree north latitude; this being the only difference between the Legislative boundary of Coahuila and Texas, before referred to, and the boundary of Mrs. Holly.

I will here refer, also, to the expedition of Lieutenant Pike. At page 30 of the appendix to that work will be found a description of the boundaries of Texas, substantially agreeing with General Almonte, Mrs. Holly, and the Legislative action of Coahuila and Texas. Not one of these authorities places the limits of Texas proper farther west than the Nueces. Here let it be borne in mind, that the Nueces on the Gulf, is some one hundred and fifty miles east of the Rio Grande; though, as you ascend the rivers, they approximate each other.

By what right, then, do we claim to the Rio Grande? By no right, and by no pretence of right, except it be the weak and impotent declaration of Texas, in 1836, that the Rio Grande was her western boundary; which is repudiated by Mr. Walker himself, as well as by the official despatches from this Government to Mexico in 1844.

If Texas extends to the left bank of this river, then the Government of the United States owns a large part of four Mexican departments, viz: New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas. Within these departments are important towns and cities. There is Taos, with some three thousand inhabitants, where the custom-house at which the Missouri caravans enter their goods is kept. Then Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, with about five thousand people, having, as I am informed, *at this moment a representative in the Mexican Congress.* Besides, there are many other towns and villages, numerously inhabited, and surrounded by those results of industry which mark the progress of civilization, all situated in the department of New Mexico. Following down the river, we find the departments of Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas, all reaching over the river, and having large territory on its left bank.

These cities, towns, and villages, with all their people, never belonged to Texas; never took part in the Texas revolution, except to resist it. Their inhabitants think no more of owing allegiance to this Government, than they do of belonging to the Emperor of Russia.

Let me ask, then, if all [illegible] territory in each of these departments does [illegible]ally belong to Texas? Is there a time-serving *slave to power* in this Union, who dare go to his closet, and upon his knees before his Maker, say that he believes it?

There was an act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1845, which also stamps with falsehood the pretence that the Rio Grande is the true Texan boundary, and gives the lie to the preamble of the bill which we have passed. It is entitled, "an act allowing drawback upon foreign merchandise exported in the original packages to *Chihuahua and Santa Fé, in Mexico*, and to the British North American provinces adjoining the United States." The first section is in these words: "Any imported merchandise, which has been entered, and the duties paid or secured according to law for drawback, may be exported to Chihuahua, in Mexico, or *Santa Fé, in New Mexico*, either by the route of the Red river, through Fulton, or by the route of the Missouri river, through Independence."

Mr. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury, whose fidelity to Texas Annexation will not be questioned, in his annual report, made at the commencement of the present session of Congress, says, (see page 15.) "the act of the 3d March last, allowing a drawback on foreign imports exported to Canada, and also to *Santa Fé and Chihuahua, in Mexico*, has gone to some extent into effect under regulations prescribed by this department."

I cannot consent to close the testimony upon this subject without again calling to the stand the honorable Senator from Missouri, Mr. BENTON. After showing to what extent and how unjustly, by the treaty, Mexico would have been dismembered, and deprived of a "*slice* of the republic two thousand miles long and some hundred broad," he proceeds to say: "The treaty, in all that relates to the boundary of the Rio Grande, is an act of unparalleled outrage on Mexico. It is the seizure of two thousand miles of her territory, without one word of explanation with her, and by virtue of a treaty with Texas to which she is no party."

Speaking of the *re*, prefixed to the word annexation, he inquires, "Will it legitimate this seizure, made by virtue of a treaty with Texas, when no Texan force [witness the disastrous expeditions to Mier and Santa Fé,] have been seen near it without being killed or taken, to the last man?"

For the purpose of expressing his views in a condensed manner in regard to the boundary of the Rio Grande, and to show his absolute, entire, and unqualified rejection of our claim to any part of the country west of Rio Nueces, Mr. BENTON, in his speech delivered in the Senate, on the 16th, 18th, and 20th of May, 1844, to which I invite the attention of all who love truth, introduced the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the incorporation of the left bank of Rio del Norte into the American Union, by virtue of a treaty with Texas, comprehending, as the said incorporation would do, a part of the Mexican departments of New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas, would be an *act of direct aggression on Mexico*, for all the consequences of which the United States would stand *responsible*.

Having shown the effect of the treaty on the Rio Grande frontier, Mr. BENTON took up the treaty itself, under all its aspects, and in its whole extent, and assumed four positions in relation to it, namely:

"1. That the ratification of the treaty would be of itself war between the United States and Mexico.

"2. That it would be unjust war.

"3. *That it would be war unconstitutionally made.*

"4. That it would be war upon a [illegible] less pretext [illegible] We attribute." As to [illegible] truth is worthy it certainly is. In the crucible of truth, then, a free people try their usurpating ruler, who is virtually subverting their Government and destroying the Constitution.

In 1844 we have not only Mr. BENTON's dicta, but the solemn decision of the Senate, declaring that our claim to the Rio Grande was an "*act of direct aggression* upon Mexico;" that the ratification of a treaty with Texas, for such boundary, was of "*itself war*"—"*unjust war*"—"*war unconstitutionally made*"—"war upon a *weak* and *groundless pretext*."

In 1846, we have a President who, without law, without pretext of justification, without consulting Congress, and in subversion of the Constitution, takes military occupation of the same country, which less than two years before his constitutional advisers had refused to acquire by treaty, through fear of war and of committing aggression. Is liberty receding and tyranny advancing at so rapid a pace that the people will submit to this? It is clear that the President made the invasion of Mexican territory under a full knowledge of its illegality, and with every possible reason to know that it would bring on hostilities, and end in war.

I have the highest authority for asserting that Texas never extended beyond the Nueces. I do not deny but that some inhabitants, situated on the west side of the Nueces, but in its valley, participated in the Texas revolution; and I will not gainsay their right to be attached to Texas.

There is, however, between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, a high, sandy, barren desert. It is the best natural division between Texas and Mexico; and I affirm that, west of this desert, there is no man who participated in the revolution of Texas; no Texan force ever conquered one inch of this country, nor did a Texan soldier who ventured there ever return alive.

The foregoing position is confirmed by a letter written from the American camp, opposite Matamoros, dated 21st of April, last, and published in the Albany Atlas, from which I take the following extract:

"*West of the Nueces the people are all Spaniards.* The country is uninhabitable, excepting the valley of the Rio Grande, and that contains a pretty dense population; and in no part of the country are the people *more loyal to the Mexican Government.*"

I will add one further item of proof that we have no title to the Rio Grande as a boundary. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll was chairman of the Committee that reported the joint resolution for the annexation of Texas; and during a speech made by him on that subject he said: "The *stupendous deserts between the Nueces and the Bravo* rivers* are the natural boundaries between the Anglo-Saxon and the Mauritanian races. There *ends* the valley of the West. *There Mexico begins. While peace is cherished, that boundary will be sacred. Not till the spirit of conquest rages will the people on either side molest or mix with each other.*"

Again:

"Although the public correspondence between the two North American republics has become angry, I am happy to be authorized to assure this House that there is little or no danger of war. The main sinew of war—*money*,—will heal the breach, and end the controversy amicably."

In view of all these facts, and many others, I affirm that the President has intentionally usurped powers not given to him, and provoked war. On the 28th of May, 1845, he began to direct all the efficient force of the army to the Southern frontier. On the 15th of June, 1845, the Secretary of the Navy informs Gen. Taylor that his *ultimate destination* is the Western frontier of Texas, where he will select and occupy, *on or near the Rio Grande del Norte*, such position as will best consist with the health of the troops," &c.; and on the 13th of January, 1846, the Secretary of War says, in a despatch to Gen. Taylor: "I am directed by the President to instruct you to advance and occupy, with the troops under your command, positions *on or near the east bank of the Rio del Norte*, as soon as it can be conveniently done," &c.

"It is not designed, in our *present* relations with Mexico to treat her as an enemy; but should she assume that

peace is cherished." He has ordered (as the papers just referred to show) our army to cross the desert, and occupy the valley of the Rio Grande. And this he has done, I suppose, because "*the sinews of war—money—did not heal the breach, and end the controversy,*" as soon as he feigned to desire.

Before ordering the "army of occupation" from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, the President had sent Mr. Slidell, in hot haste, and without regard to the forms of diplomatic intercourse, as envoy to Mexico, in order to settle this disputed boundary, and to *purchase California.* This mission failed, and Mr. Slidell's letter, advising this Government of its probable failure, is dated the 17th of December, and no doubt reached the President a few days prior to the order of the 13th January, directing our army to occupy the Rio Grande. Of this no reasonable doubt will remain, after reference to the President's message, in regard to the commencement of hostilities, in which he alludes to the military force upon the Nueces, and says: "This force was concentrated at Corpus Christi, and remained there *until after I had received such information* from Mexico as *rendered it probable, if not certain,* that the Mexican Government would refuse to receive our envoy."

Is it not obvious, then, that the President is a *usurper?* He has taken armed occupation of a country which he knew was not ours—which lies west of the "stupendous deserts that divide the Nueces and Bravo rivers"—which the Senate virtually declared, when they rejected the treaty, we had no right to. This country embraces territory sufficient to make four States, each as large as the State of Ohio. It is inhabited by more than fifty thousand loyal Mexicans. Into this country the President has sent an army, whilst Congress was in session, without giving Congress the least knowledge of his operations; he has caused that army to take a position within reach of a Mexican city containing some nine thousand people, in front of which batteries have been erected, and towards which our cannon have been pointed, menacing its destruction. During all this time he has been seeking to force the Mexican Government to receive Mr. Slidell as envoy, and he has omitted to send a commissioner whom the Mexican Government stood ready to receive, and by whose agency this question of boundary might have been peaceably adjusted. Not satisfied with these acts of aggression, and this neglect to pursue peace, he has caused the Rio Grande to be blockaded, thereby cutting off, not only the trade and commerce, but the food of all the Mexican towns on the river, and leaving the inhabitants to hunger and starvation. Under these circumstances of aggression and cruelty, of tyranny and usurpation, the citizens evacuate the village of Matamoros, send their wives and children to places of safety, and themselves prepare to fight for their homes, their altars, and what remains of their country.

THE CHURCH.

We give below the most recent Church action upon Slavery, which we have been obliged to omit for some weeks past for want of room. Many of our readers, probably, have seen these documents, but they, nevertheless, should be upon record.

The Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Philadelphia, on the 19th May, passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Christian union is most desirable, and that division among the professed followers of Christ destroys much of their influence, and is to be deplored, but a union which is obtained by the sacrifice of truth, will neither be approved of God, advance his cause, nor secure the peace and harmony of the Church.

Resolved, That American Slavery—the holding or treating of human beings as property—is a great sin against God, is deeply injurious to the social and moral well-being of the oppressor, and a flagrant violation of all the natural and moral rights of the oppressed.

Resolved, That the holding of men in slavery is strong presumptive evidence against Christian character.

Resolved, That the enslaving of human beings or holding them as slaves, ought to be considered and treated as a disciplineable offence in the Christian Church, and that no person persisting in this offence after due instruction and admonition, ought to be [illegible] fellowship.

Resolved, That the Word of God requires us to withdraw from social evils and organic sins, to screen those who are guilty of their practice from church censure, are dangerous in their tendency, being calculated to quiet the conscience of the sinner, and that those who are guilty of those sins will, without repentance, certainly meet the retribution of Heaven.

Resolved, That a provisional committee of —— be appointed, with discretionary power to enlarge their number, whose duty it shall be to correspond with friends of the slave of the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations in different parts of the country, to make such communications to the churches and public, and to call such meetings, and adopt such other measures for effecting the exclusion of all slaveholders from the fellowship of the churches as may hereafter be deemed wise and best.

The General Assembly (New School) of the Presbyterians were in session in Philadelphia, in May, and discussed the Slavery question eight days. A very full report of it appeared in our valuable cotemporary, the Pennsylvania Freeman. In regard to it the editor of the Freeman says:

There was a truer and stronger set of Anti-Slavery men in the body than we had supposed, or than had been sent up to any previous General Assembly within our knowledge. These men, owing to their position on the roll were not called upon, and therefore had no opportunity of showing their hands during the first week of the meeting, and the spectator of the proceedings was left to infer the quality of the Abolitionists in the body, from the dough-faces who claimed to speak as Anti-Slavery men, from the western and middle portions of the State of New-York. The drivelling of these creatures was disgusting beyond patient endurance. They were "Anti-Slavery men, but not Abolitionists;" were for "mild and moderate action;" were for preserving, by all means, the "unity of the Church;" were "opposed to all ultra and decisive measures;" had great "sympathy with the dear brethren from the South;" meant to "hold on to the Church, whether the Assembly took action or not," and only wanted action because "public opinion," as some of them had the honesty, or the simplicity rather, to acknowledge, demanded it. Nothing was more manifest, than that these poor creatures were whipped up to a most disagreeable duty by the public sentiment which the Abolitionists had raised around them. The earnest, straightforwardness of the men from the South, with all their open advocacy of Slavery, was not half so disagreeable to us, or so injurious to the cause, as the contemptible drivelling of these make-believe, dough-face pretenders to the character of Anti-Slavery men.

But as the calling of the roll progressed, a new and a better set of men came forward; good, hearty, earnest Abolitionists from the far West; men whose hearts were in the cause, and who advocated it, not because public opinion required it, but because it was right; who were not afraid to speak, and who were determined to be heard. Such men as Bushnell, and Stevens, and Hale, and Dickey, and others of like stamp. The speeches of these men gave a new complexion to the Assembly, and turned the tide of feeling entirely from the channel in which the efforts and speeches of the slaveholders and their abettors, out of doors and on the floor, had caused it to set. The haughty and dictatorial tone of the pro-slavery men was changed to one of supplication; the Abolitionists assumed the aggressive, and it soon became manifest that anti-slavery was in the ascendant, and the sceptre had at last changed hands. We are only sorry that the new party in power did not make a better use of their victory. They might, if they had chosen, and if they had not had such false and injurious notions of concession for the sake of unity, have passed a much more unexceptionable declaration than that of Dr. Duffield. There are things in that document which should never have had the sanction of their vote, and which no fancied advantage for the present, or prospect of amendment in the future, should have induced them to consent to.

The Assembly finally adopted Dr. Duffield's Report, which is as follows:

DECLARATION.

The Assembly having duly considered the subject presented to their attention in the various memorials forwarded from the Presbyteries, Synods, &c. adopt the following as the expression of their judgment:

1. The system of Slavery as it exists in these United States, viewed either in the laws of the several States which sanction it, or in its actual operation and results in society, is intrinsically an unrighteous and oppressive system, and is opposed to the prescriptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity.

2. The testimony of the General Assembly from A. D. 1789 to 1818 inclusive, has condemned it, and it remains still the recorded testimony of the Presbyterian Church of these United States against it, from which we do not recede.

3. We cannot therefore withhold the expression of our deep regret that Slavery should be continued and countenanced by any of the members of our churches, and we do earnestly exhort both them and the churches among whom it exists to use all means in their power to put it away from them. Its perpetuation among them cannot fail to be regarded by multitudes influenced by their example, as sanctioning the system portrayed in, and maintained by the statutes of the several slaveholding States wherein they dwell. Nor can any mere mitigation of its severity, promoted by the humanity and Christian feelings of any individuals who continue to hold their fellow-men in such bondage, be regarded either as a testimony against the system, or as in the least degree changing its essential character.

4. But while we believe that many evils incident to the system, render it important and obligatory to bear testimony against it; yet would we not undertake to determine the degree of moral turpitude on the part of the individuals involved by it. This will doubtless be found to vary in the sight of God, according to the degree of light, and other circumstances pertaining to each. In view of all the embarrassments, and all the obstacles in the way of emancipation, interposed by the statutes of the slaveholding States, and by the social influence affecting the views and conduct of those involved in it, we cannot pronounce a judgment of general and promiscuous condemnation, implying that destitution of Christian principle and feeling which should exclude from the table of the Lord, all who stand in the legal relation of masters to slaves, or justify us in withholding our ecclesiastical and Christian fellowship from them. We rather sympathize with, and would seek to succor them in their embarrassments, believing that separation and secession among the churches and their members, are not the method God approves and sanctions, for the reformation of his Church.

5. While therefore we feel bound to bear our testimony against Slavery, and to exhort our beloved brethen to remove it from them as speedily as possible, by all appropriate and available means, we do at the same time condemn all divisions and schismatical measures tending to destroy the unity and disturb the peace of our churches, and deprecate the spirit of denunciation, and that unfeeling severity which would cast from the fold those whom we are rather bound by the spirit of the Gospel and the obligations of our covenant, to instruct, to counsel, to exhort, and try to lead in the ways of God, and toward whom even though they may err, to exercise forbearance and brotherly love.

6. As a court of our Lord Jesus Christ we possess no legislative authority, and as the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church we possess no judicial authority. We have no right to institute and prescribe tests of Christian character and church membership, not recognized and sanctioned in the sacred Scriptures, and in our standards, by which we have agreed to walk. We must, therefore, leave this matter with the sessions, presbyteries, and synods, the judicatories to whom pertains the right of judgment, to act in the administration of discipline as they may judge it to be their duty, constitutionally subject to the General Assembly, only in the way of general review and control.

The case of Mr. Graham, who was suspended last year by the Cincinnati Synod for preaching from the Bible that Slavery was right, came before the Assembly, and the Synod was ordered to restore him by a vote of sixty to twenty-nine.

The Old School Presbyterians, also held their General Assembly in Philadelphia at the same time with the others, but they capped their volcano with much better success. We find the following Report in the New-York Observer:

The Committee on Bills and Overtures reported, (no xvi.) on the several documents in their hands, touching the subject of Slavery, viz: Overtures from five Presbyteries, and a resolution from the Synod of Cincinnati, recommending, after referring to the action on this subject is needed."

The Report was accepted, and after some discussion adopted by a vote of 119 to 34. In the afternoon Mr. R. M. White introduced the following resolution:

That the Assembly do not consider the action of 1845 as designed to deny or rescind the action of the General Assembly of any previous date.

It was adopted.

From the (Pittsburg) Spirit of Liberty.

HONOR TO THE "FORKS INFANTRY."

We rejoice to learn that the above-named company, of Elizabeth borough, declined volunteering to aid James K. Polk and his brother thieves to re-establish Slavery in Mexico. A correspondent of the Chronicle assails the Lieutenant of the company, (Mr. Patterson,) for advising the step, and freely disapproving the war, but he can do Mr. P. no harm. Sensible men now understand that true courage is not apt to boast and swagger, and offer to cut throats "right or wrong;" and the day is approaching when wholesale murder will be regarded with the same abhorrence that retail murder now is. It required high moral courage to take such a stand as young Lieutenant Patterson did, against the prevailing corrupt and impious sentiment, "Our country, *right or wrong*"—the veriest dastard may volunteer to fight when there is no probability of his being called upon. He who has the courage to do just what he believes to be right, is a truly brave man. Stand firm, friend Patterson, and show *your* courage to be worthy of a MAN. The war-horse has as much *brute* courage as his master, and often more. Your brother mechanics here will fully sustain you.

A Female Clerk of a Court.—The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth says: Judge Kinkead, of the 19th district, has performed a very handsome, and we are happy to hear, a very acceptable act, by the appointment of Mrs. Trimble, the accomplished and estimable lady of the late John Trimble, as clerk of the Carter circuit, in the place of her deceased husband.

There is a better time a coming girls—wait a little longer. Other folks than Abolitionists are beginning to find out that women can do more than darn stockings and mind the children.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

Communications.

The New Liberty Party, or Re-organization.

FRIEND GAY:—The Libery party of this State, or at least, the wire-pullers of that party, have just closed the last session of a two days' Convention, called for the purpose of finding out where the Liberty party is. The Convention was well attended. Among those present were Beriah Green, William Goodell, W. L. Chaplin, Samuel D. Porter, and J. C. Jackson. A committee brought forward an address, and a pledge. The address was opposed, upon the ground, that, if adopted, it would form a new party. Some of the speakers contended that a new party was needed. Some of them said that Gerrit Smith had said that the Liberty party was in ruins. Beriah Green said that the Liberty party was not dead, that as long as two remained in the party, it was a party. William Goodell said, that of the fifteen thousand votes that was cast for the party, in '44, there was not, in his opinion, more than five thousand in the party at the present time, and that they would never return upon the old track—that something must be done to bring them back. After some discussion, it was clearly seen that the object of the meeting was evidently to form a new party, though the wire-pullers tried to keep this out of sight. The pledge was for the formation of a Liberty League. Any one could become a member of the League by believing in the principles that the pledge set forth, and by paying money into its treasury. Those who drew up the pledge gave evidence that they were tired of the "one idea party;" for this pledge contained many ideas, and one of the main ones was "Free Trade!". It was soon found, by the opposition manifested to the address and pledge, that the new party could not be formed by the consent of the Convention. One of the speakers said he was not ready to shake hands with the Liberty party and bid it farewell." I saw among the speakers five clergymen, with whom I was acquainted; how many more there were present, I cannot say. One of them, (Mr. Peck, of Rochester,) said, "Mr. President, it has been said in this Convention, 'that all men had inalienable rights;' now I deny that. I know that Jefferson wrote that sentiment, but it is false! It is utterly untrue. The doctrine that all men are created equal, and with inalienable rights, is a humbug. Let that doctrine be carried out, and in a short time every gallows will be cut down, every prison will be empty, and over their doors will be written in red,—for it should be in blood,—'All men are born free and equal, and have inalienable rights.'" This clergyman was a Liberty party man. The discussion was carried on for two days. In the afternoon of the last day, J. C. Jackson got the floor, and made a speech, or at least gave them some declamation. Said he, "this new League must be formed. If this Convention does not see fit to adopt this pledge, and form the League, there are men here that will form it. Yes, we want men, and women, in this new League, we want the women to contribute to our funds, raise money for us, or to pay their part,—have a League we must and will." After a session of two days the Convention refused to adopt the address and pledge, and the new Liberty party was formed without the approval of the Convention. Thus ended the Convention.

The leaders themselves were not satisfied. The whole cry during the Convention was, "what will we do,—what will become of the Liberty party,—the Liberty party is dead." Friend Gay, the Liberty party is gone, it is dead, at least in this State; so says its friends, if it has any friends.

But this move of the new party, to get the women with them, shows their hypocrisy; and no woman should join that "League," for it is, emphatically, a league with the Devil, to cheat the women out of their money. There was but one Anti-Slavery speech made, and that was by James E. Burr, late from the Missouri State prison. He is no speaker, but came forward at the call of the audience, and stood upon the platform, and related the incidents relating to his capture and imprisonment, all of which were interesting.

Respectfully yours, for humanity,

WM. W. BROWN.

The Worcester County, South Division, Anti-Slavery society.

This society held its quarterly meeting in the handsome and thriving town of Milford, on Wednesday, June 17th. A beautiful hall, in the upper story of a large hotel, recently established on temperance principles, opened its doors to our gathering. At ten o'clock, a very respectable company having assembled from Milford, and other towns comprised in the limits of the society, the meeting was called to order by Adin Ballou, one of the Vice Presidents, who offered prayer in behalf of the meeting for the great cause which had brought us together. A committee of five persons was chosen to prepare business, who soon reported a number of resolutions for discussion. Some excellent introductory remarks were offered by Edmund Quincy, calculated to lead us to look to those great principles which are the foundation of our enterprise, and to deepen our confidence in them, and our determination to abide by them. G. W. Stacy, of Milford, spoke to the same point, and exhorted the meeting to deal faithfully with whatever opposed itself to the Anti-Slavery cause. He spoke of the general most encouraging progress of the temperance reform in Milford, [illegible] an equal and greater triumph of the principles of freedom over those of slaveholding, from a like fidelity and perseverance on the part of the Abolitionists there. William A. White, of Watertown, also addressed the meeting, commenting with great effect and with deserved severity on the recent call of Governor Briggs for Massachusetts volunteers, to help fight the battles of Texas and Slavery.

In the afternoon our numbers were much increased, and the spacious hall was filled. The meeting was opened with a few remarks from Samuel May, of Leicester, the President of the society, after which an Anti-Slavery hymn was sung. The resolutions before the meeting were laid on the table, for the purpose of introducing and presenting to the meeting the claims of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard." The subject was well stated by E. Quincy, and well received by the meeting. A considerable number of subscribers was received, and quite a number of persons pledged themselves to act, in their several towns, as local agents for procuring subscribers; and from my own experience, during the past week, in the town where I reside, I feel confident, that a moderate share of attention to the subject will ensure, in all our towns, an increase of subscribers, varying from five to twenty, at least. I trust that the reduction of the price of the "Standard," in connection with the real value and interest of the paper, will secure to it, as I am sure it ought to do, an immense subscription list. I will also remark here, that the intervals of our meetings were made available to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth by the sale of books and pamphlets. The resolutions before the meeting having been again taken up and read, were ably spoken to by William A. White, Loring Moody, of Boston, Charles L. Remond, of Salem, G. W. Stacy, of Milford, and Adin Ballou, of Hopedale.

We again assembled in the evening, and remained together till ten o'clock, the hall being well filled. After singing, the meeting was addressed by Henry R. Crummell, of Upton, Edmund Quincy, and Charles L. Remond. I cannot give you a copy of the resolutions before the meeting. They had reference to the existing war for the invasion and plunder of Mexico, at the bidding of Slavery,—to the shamefully, time-serving, and cowardly course of George N. Briggs, the Governor of Massachusetts,—to the reported enlistment of colored men in New Orleans, to fight in behalf of Slavery,—to the active, or passive pro-slavery of pretended churches and ministers of Jesus Christ,—and to the necessity of the dissolution of the present miscalled union of the States, if we desire to effect the peaceful emancipation of the slaves. These several resolutions were all adopted.

The meeting was an harmonious and pleasant one. Whatever of pro-slavery there may be in Milford, kept itself aloof from us, not attempting to oppose, or even call in question, the truth of any one of our positions. Those of us who came from other towns, found a warm and generous hospitality extended to us. It was most cheering to meet, and look on the faces of, many who, in times past and present, have so well fought, and are still fighting, the good fight of the true Anti-Slavery faith, undaunted by opposition and persecution, the bitterest and hottest of which has been from so-called churches and ministers. May they, and all of us, possess our souls in patience; for the day is dawning; amidst the darkness which overshadows us, no one can fail to discern its coming light. Be it ours to be steadfast to the end.

Your correspondent passed that night and a few hours of the following day at HOPEDALE, where our worthy and faithful Christian brother, Adin Ballou, aided by some true hearts and hands, has established a social community, as I suppose is well known to the most of your readers. It was my first visit to the place, and, if I should briefly note down a few things I there saw and heard, perhaps it would be acceptable to some of your readers.

The territory, included in the limits of "Hopedale," is all in the town of Milford, in the Southeastern corner of this (Worcester) county, and comprises, if I rightly remember, about 400 acres. It lies principally in a regular and fertile valley, through which flows, from North to South, a small stream called Mill river. When the founders of this community first took possession of their purchase, there was only one dwelling-house upon it, a large farm-house over one hundred years old, and much out of repair, together with one or two barns. I was greatly surprised at witnessing the amount and extent of the improvements on the place during the short time, only four years, that they have occupied it. One broad avenue, with several others crossing it, has been laid out for a distance of about half a mile. Principally on this street have been erected ten or twelve dwelling-houses, all of a neat and tasteful aspect, yet built with a strict regard to economy of time and money. Each dwelling-house has about one quarter of an acre of land attached to it, as a garden, and these gardens are cultivated with evident assiduity and skill. A neat building, on a rising ground, answers for the present the double purpose of school-house and chapel. Still heavier work than this has been done. Two large and substantial dams have been erected across the river, giving a large amount of water-power. One good sized shop has been built, two stories high, besides the basement. Here we found four or five men and boys engaged in carpentry-work; in another room were some engaged in the manufacture of iron machinery; in another room, two or three were employed in shoemaking; and in still another was a printing press, with the various accompaniments necessary to the printer's art, and here we found five or six persons, of both sexes, busily at work. From this office the "Practical Christian" is issued, edited by Adin Ballou, Wm. H. Fish, and Daniel L. Whitney. Another shop is nearly completed. The land, trees, fences, &c. all appear in good order. It is to be considered that all this has been done without the aid of hired capital, and without any *wealthy* members (according to the common use of the word) among themselves, and with very little assistance of any kind from sources beyond themselves. The original number of members was about forty; from this they have slowly increased, and at present consist of some twenty families, numbering from ninety to one hundred souls.

A school is constantly sustained for the children belonging to the community. They look forward to great and extensive improvements in the educational department. At present they pay to the town of Milford their proportion of the town school-tax, though they neither claim nor receive any of its benefits; and so are doubly assessed in this respect. It is to be hoped the town of Milford will soon see the justice and propriety of refunding to this community the tax raised from them for school purposes. Surely a little consideration will make them unwilling to be receiving thus from year to year the avails of a tax for which no equivalent is rendered in return; though undoubtedly the town is ready to furnish schooling, should the members of the community please to receive it. Other towns have seen the propriety of a different course, and have generously adopted it. The town of Harvard, in this county, refunds annually to the Shaker community within its borders the money raised among them for the town school-tax; that community preferring and undertaking to establish and sustain schools among themselves. I believe the members of the Hopedale community enjoy the entire respect and good will of their fellow-townsmen, and of all that region generally. Industrious, frugal, and temperate; ready to every good word and work, as they are, their example and influence cannot fail to be of a most beneficial character. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to their community-system, no candid and generous mind can fail to respect their motives, and their persevering devotedness, and to wish them all success.

Forgive, my dear Sir, my too much lengthened letter, and believe me, most truly, yours, S. M.

JUNE 19th.

Letter from G. W. F. Mellen.

[We publish the following letter, because every man who believes himself aggrieved is entitled to a hearing through the columns of the paper which has [illegible] ly what our correspondent is aiming at.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

I perceive your correspondent, in giving an account of the proceedings of the New England Convention, says, that "Mr. H. Clapp, and Mr. Mellen, showed much folly, and the first much knavery, in trying to persuade the Convention, that in thus appointing to itself servants it was tyrannized over and was greatly wronged." Mr. Clapp is able to answer for himself; but if C. in reporting the proceedings of the Convention, will report the speech or language I used on the subject, I am perfectly willing to abide the decision of your readers, whether I acted foolishly or not.

It was not the first time, on the opening of our New England Convention, that I had perceived, or thought I had perceived, a disposition on the part of some to change the character of that meeting, and to bring it under the control of an irresponsible body; and I have as often resisted that attempt, and I trust, if I live, I shall continue so to do, so long as a disposition on the part of any is manifested to make that meeting anything else, so far as it can be done, than the mouthpiece of our community on the subject of Slavery, without being shackled by any extraneous circumstances. To this point my observations were directed, and it is yet thought there was a sufficient reason for making them.

The Abolitionists have been strenuous for the liberty of speech, and having long since classed myself among them, I have been jealous, lest by any means they should be guilty of that themselves, which they so properly condemn in others. It has not been thought advisable, if it could be avoided, to have our characters so blurred, that the future historian would be obliged to say, that, while liberty was on their tongues, tyranny was in their hearts; and my exertions have been made to the end, that such should not be the case, with what success, if there are any who have attempted to make such restraints, they can best judge. No! let our platform be kept open in fact, as well as in profession; let, as I observed, *humanity* have our platform, where she can, *of right*, raise her head, without the fear of the gag, or the insults, or the frowns, of the scoffer. On that platform, also, a great work is to be performed, and a great revolution is to be effected. If we should believe the assertion of the slaveholder, twelve hundred millions of property is to be annihilated; but according to the slaves' account, that property is to be restored to its rightful owners, and three millions of human beings are to be restored to their inalienable rights, and from a cruel oppression. We have, therefore, no right, according to my ideas of justice, to put the gag on the lips of any human being who stands up to show the rightfulness of his cause on the subject, and therefore it should be free. Do the defenders of humanity fear discussion with the moneyed power? or do a certain number wish to take the whole credit of the Anti-Slavery movement to themselves, to the exclusion of any one else? or does any one suppose, they are specially commissioned from on high to control a movement of such magnitude, with a sufficient clearness of perception, as to decide with infallibility, that everything which does not apparently square with their own ideas must therefore be wrong, and that the spirit in man must therefore be restrained? But this will be called folly, and I will stop, and simply say, it was my purpose, if there had been enough to have seconded my efforts, to have tried the experiment of carrying out the ideas of the non-resistants to their legitimate result, and to have seen how well a meeting could be conducted without an organization; but it appears that such an attempt is considered by non-resistants as a great piece of folly; it may be so: and yet I do not believe that the meeting would have met with more interruptions than it did, had it not been organized. The whole meeting was expelled from the house, in *retribution*, perhaps, for having *expelled* the grey-headed and honest Mr. Lampson. I have, however, much faith in believing, that if every one should feel himself called upon to present his own resolutions, and argue them in his own way, our meetings would be more interesting than they now are.

Respectfully, yours,

G. W. F. MELLEN.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1846.

Facts and Reflections; for the use of the Inconsiderate.

Those who make big eyes, and look horror-struck, at what is called the abuse of the Church, might do well to look a little into the matter, before they run away as from a mad dog; and at least give themselves time to recover from the bite, rather than die from mere apprehension, which is but an inglorious death after all. Would it not be well for them to see from whom this abuse comes, and from what cause it proceeds.

Does it come from your world's people, who live as if God was not in all their thoughts; who forget, while they fare sumptuously every day, that the poor beggar, who takes the crumbs that fall from their loaded tables, is born to the same inheritance, and is as dear in the sight of God as they; and who, instead of purple and fine linen, will have the garments of immortality.

Does this abuse come from those who, because *they* happen to have a white, or yellow, or red skin, think they are justified in looking down upon God's work in their brother, because *he* happens to have a black one? Does this abuse come from those who think life is to be spent in buying, and selling, and getting gain? We believe, whatever may be the exceptions, that no one, however shocked he may be, at what he hears from these abusers of the Church, these infidels as they are called, will adjudge them as answering to this description of persons. There is a text to be found in the Bible which asserts, that by our fruits we shall be known. Taking this for our guide, what shall we learn of this people? If by fruits is meant our daily lives, the actions which follow from habits of thought, we think the strictest investigation would not find them violating, but rather putting in practice, the precepts of Jesus, which were summed up in one phrase: "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you;" or this,—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

If such are the people who "abuse the Church," would it not be well to ask, if, by thus living the truth, they may not possibly have come to the light. Then, turning those big eyes inward, let the complainants search out the truth, and ask whether the motives and principles which first place a minister in the pulpit, and then keep him there, are always unimpeachable, as they ought to be. Is it solely to bring the kingdom of Heaven upon the earth, that he stands there? Is it to speak unflinchingly the naked truth, awful in its divinity, to erring men, that he ascends those pulpit stairs once a week? We ask these questions because two facts have lately come under my notice, which make me think these abusers of the Church are not such unjust vilifiers; and because we wish that justice should be done to all parties.

The facts are these:—A church stood in need of a minister, and by some good fortune, a minister, not merely technically, but also really such, was able at the time to fill the vacant pulpit. This he did for five Sundays. He came in the fulness of the Gospel, and from the divine fountain in his heart poured forth the oracles of God, not asking who was condemned, nor who was pleased, but simply speaking the truth as given to him as he knocked at Heaven's gate. All were interested, some were transfixed, and none indifferent. When it came to the question whether this messenger from Heaven should take up his abode amongst this people, and be their leader and guide, the answer was, "No! we do not want him; he is an *Abolitionist*;—too *ultra!*"—in effect, too *true*. After he had left, the pulpit was supplied by different ministers, till one came who preached from the text, "Ephraim is given to idols, let him alone." The use that was made by the preacher of this awful decision of the prophet, was, that the subject of Slavery, as an individual sin, must, when the slaveholder sinned with his eyes open, be let alone; that the Abolitionists did much harm in interfering with the sin of the slaveholder, this minister pleased the people, and they went home satisfied. Not one bosom sin reproved, not one personal interest interfered with, they went home comfortable. Was this the effect of the preaching of Jesus?

Another instance. A pure-minded, true-hearted, soul-devoted minister, whose health was not strong, and whose wife and child depended upon his success, preached upon trial at a place where he gave great satisfaction, and there was every reason to suppose he would be settled; but in the simplicity and faithfulness of his heart, he preached an abolition sermon. The consequences were a decision, that "*he would not do*; no, he "would not do" the work of a slave; but preferred rather his poverty, with the smile of God, to the salary stained by a compromise with evil.

Do not such facts make us question whether the Church stands on heathen, or on Christian ground, and whether, if the secrets of the pulpit were fully laid open, we should not find that the true infidelity is there, where fear of man takes the place of fear of God; where fear of losing the means of living, when wife and child ask for help, does not suggest keeping back the honest truth, thus showing no faith in God or his Word? Such do not believe in that bread which cometh down from Heaven. To such, let us repeat the text: "Ephraim is given to idols, let him alone:" but to the faithful who will rebuke the sinner, hoping thereby to save his soul, whose bread is from heaven, who has meat to eat which the world knows not of,—to *such*, a life is found in the losing; a life that has its source in the wealth of a divine law that never leaves the soul a bankrupt. *Such* men find among the abusers of the Church, a true sympathy; and are glad to hear them condemn with honest indignation what is opposed to the law of divine love and justice, whether in the Church or out of it.

A True Story.

People are apt to say, "What have children to do with Slavery?" I think they have much to do with it; children are the great sufferers from Slavery; the precious days when free children are receiving instruction, are all lost to the children of slaves; when free children are treasuring up beautiful recollections, and great thoughts, and a fund of happiness that spreads itself over the whole of after-life, the little slave in its best estate is living like a little well-fed brute, happy if it is allowed like the brute to grow up by the side of its mother. All children should know and think of these things, that they may do what they can, for these poor little prisoners; and they may do much, if their hearts are engaged in the work. I heard a little anecdote the other day which showed how much a child can do for her parent simply by expressing her native sense of justice and right to him.

Mrs. F. was relating to me some of her experiences while she and her husband had been lecturing in a town somewhere in the West, where the people had thought very little upon the subject of Slavery, but who seemed deeply interested as soon as it was fairly presented to them, as it was by their faithful words. She said that they were one evening at a party of friends who were desirous of hearing what they had to say upon the subject of Slavery, and that among others, a gentleman and his little daughter were there. A more than common affection existed between this child and her father. He sang beautifully, and his little daughter always accompanied him very sweetly, and it was a very pleasant thing to see them together. She had an uncommonly fine face, and when she looked up at her father, reverence and love spoke from every feature. His tenderness and devotion to her were equally striking.

Mrs. F. was much interested in this father, and his daughter. He was a practising lawyer in the town in which he lived. She had conversed much with him, and had plead the cause of justice and humanity, most earnestly with him, and as we shall see, not without producing a deep impression. On this evening after he and his daughter had been singing together, Mrs. F. called the little girl to her, and took her up in her lap.

"You are a very happy child," said she, "you and your father love one another very dearly, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," said the child, "that we do."

"And you love to be always with him do you not?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," she replied.

"It is, I believe, the will of the good God, that children should love their parents and live happily with them. What should you think of men who should take children away from their parents, and sell them for money to strangers, who may do what they will with them, and who carry them away where they will never know father or mother again, and where they are often treated with cruelty?"

"No one can be so wicked; no man would take children from their parents and sell them; it cannot be," exclaimed the child,—"it would be too cruel."

"But this is true," said Mrs. F. "There are such wicked men, and many men who call themselves good do this, and the law of this country allows it."

"But they are very wicked men, and the law is a wicked law," said the little girl; and she looked down thoughtfully, and as if she felt very sorrowful: at last she said, "My father would not sell a child, nor let anybody else do such a wickedness if he knew it. But he never told me of this."

"But your father knows that these wicked things are done," said Mrs. F.; "and he has sworn to maintain and obey the laws that give men the power to commit these cruelties."

"My father!" exclaimed the little girl, with great indignation, "my father have anything to do with such wicked laws! he swear to support a law to sell children, and take them from their fathers! I don't believe it; my father would never do such a thing. I know it is not so."

"I think it is so, my dear," said Mrs. F. "and I think that he himself will not deny it."

The little girl darted away to her father, and standing up very erect before him, her face glowing from excitement—she said aloud to him: "Father, *do* you help to support laws that give wicked men the right to take children away from their fathers and mothers, and sell them?"

There was a large company in the room, the child was unconscious of the presence of any one, and it was a moving sight to see her, as she stood up before her idolized father, waiting his reply: her face was flushed, her figure looked taller than usual, there was something in her tone of voice that repelled the thought of the possibility that he would plead guilty to the charge. She stood there evidently not as his accuser, but as the jealous vindicator of his honor.

Her father looked at her for a moment without speaking a word, and then with a firm but sorrowful tone, he replied, "I am afraid, my child, I have done this thing."

The little girl made no answer. Her dilated form seemed to shrink again into the size of a child; her eyes, which were fixed on his face, were cast down upon the floor; she uttered no word, but she turned away from him. Suddenly the fine gold had become dim in her eyes, a cloud had come over her heaven, her young heart was very heavy.

Her father never forgot this moment, nor the gentle, but heart-piercing rebuke of her silence, of her averted face. He withdrew his promise of allegiance to laws which sanctioned and commanded crime, and so was reconciled to the angelic teacher in his child. Thenceforward he resolved to maintain himself and his family by some honest occupation, and he took for the motto of his moral life, no compromise with sin, of his political, no union with slaveholders.

The Standard.—Contributors.

EDMUND QUINCY,	CHARLES F. BRIGGS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
REV. THOMAS T. STONE,	MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,	REV. WM. H. CHANNING,
REV. JOHN WEISS,	REV. SAMUEL MAY.

The readers of the Standard will observe that we have added another name to our list of contributors since it was last published—that of Mr. May, of Leicester. To mention him is introduction enough. The friends of the slave on this and on the other side of the Atlantic, do not need to learn from us who and what he is.

We wish our readers to understand distinctly what we mean by this list of contributors. It is not made up because we wish, by an array of the names of Abolitionists well-known for their integrity and talent, to give to the Standard a false reputation; but because we intend to make a paper worthy of these names. We wish to extend the circulation of the paper, and we are determined to make it deserving of the widest circulation. We mean that it shall be a paper which no candid man can read without finding in it some truths which may have a tendency to make him a wiser and a better man; a paper, the influence of which the pro-slavery world about us shall fear, while they respect it; a paper, in which Abolitionists shall always find the loftiest Anti-Slavery principles boldly and clearly set forth; one which they can always feel that they may lay before their neighbors as a true exponent of the Anti-Slavery cause, and which they can always be sure must be a powerful auxiliary in the slaves' behalf; a STANDARD borne "without concealment, and without compromise," in the very forefront of the battle, by hands which have never trembled, and God helping them, never will tremble till the end of the fight. Each one of those whose names we have published as contributors to our columns, feeling, in common with many others, the necessity of such a paper, and feeling moreover, that such a paper can be made if its friends scattered all over the country will but do their duty, and can work a mighty revolution on this Slavery question, and knowing, too, that one, or two, or three persons, unaided, cannot in the nature of things make such an one, they all have pledged themselves to this work. They do not permit their names to be published to the world that the influence of the name alone shall aid the enterprise, but they mean especially to give the influence of their minds. We publish no name until we are certain of the assistance of its owner; and those who make the promise are not the men and women—we need not assert that—to make a promise which they do not mean to keep. We have not done yet. We are expecting letters daily from others, who we hope will give us of their time and talent. There are some, however, who will give us help but do not wish to be known. In another column is an article from one of these—an early and tried friend of the cause, well-known, and well-believed in a neighboring State.

It will be understood, however, that these contributors whose names are thus published, are contributors to the editorial columns. We have other, occasional correspondents, who write when they please, on subjects usually of local interest, and whose letters and articles appear in the department especially devoted to communications.

We have said thus much now, because we wish our readers to understand something of our plan. But it is not our wish to excite false hopes; on the contrary, we do not mean to make any very great promises. Our readers must judge for themselves whether they may not reasonably expect a very good paper, when they know that the persons whose names stand at the head of this article are even its occasional contributors. We hope that all their expectations will be fully met; and in the meantime they must take something upon trust, and upon their knowledge of those in whom they confide.

We have more to say when we have more room. For the present, we ask again of our friends *to go to work.* We want more readers, and we think that all who have read understandingly all the numbers of the present volume, are convinced that we deserve them.

THE GRATITUDE OF REPUBLICS.—In his correspondence with the Secretary of War relative to his taking the command of the army in Mexico, General Scott acknowledged the receipt of a letter which he hastened to answer, he said, "after taking a hasty plate of soup." The plate has dished the General. A month ago, no man's chance of the next Presidency was so good as his; now none so dull that cannot laugh at him. If he

had proved himself never so great a scoundrel he would have lost nothing by it, but he will never be forgiven for showing himself a fool, though in a very small way.

Captain Clay.

We have in this week's "True American," Captain Clay's reasons for leaving the editorial chair of an Anti-Slavery paper, to go as an officer in an army invading a neighboring Republic, for the single purpose of conquest that Slavery may be re-established. He shall have the benefit of speaking in his own words to our readers. His article is addressed "*to his* readers," and he says:

We have volunteered for the war, and will say a word, in parting, to our friends.

We have denounced unsparingly the Annexation of Texas, as a boldly flagitious scheme, and a war with Mexico as kindred with that disgraceful and degrading act—degrading alike to the Government that consummated, and the people that submitted to it.

The one is perfected; Texas, unfortunately, is a part of our Union.—The other is just begun. That the war with Mexico might easily have been avoided—that the commonest regard for justice, and a moderate share of prudence, on the part of the Government, could have prevented it—is palpable as the day.

But though this be so, we cannot change the fact.—*War exists.* It has been declared by a Government chosen by the people themselves. We submit, therefore, as good citizens, to the law of the land, and give that Government our support. Resistance to it now would be rebellion; if general, anarchy, in its worst form, would be the result.

Congress, as well as the country, is of this opinion.—The Whigs, predicting the result long ago, have steadily opposed the policy that led to this war; yet, when it was forced upon them, and hostilities avowed, they rallied as one man in support of the Government. The preamble to the resolutions in Congress, declaring that war exists by the act of Mexico, is a lie—a nefarious trap set by demagogues to catch their opponents. As such, we have denounced, and do denounce it; but, making this protest, we should have done as the Whigs did—have voted whatever supplies of men and money were asked for, holding the President responsible before the country and the world.

Our opinion is, that the war, so unjustly and wickedly begun, should be pressed with vigor. It is the only alternative left. Clouds and darkness, in consequence, rest upon our path in the future; but it has to be trod. We act upon this necessity, and do not hesitate to support the Government;—*to peril all to sustain it*;—for we war not against the South, nor the people of the South, but against Slavery; and when there is a common foe in the field, and the summons comes to the citizen soldier, we know, and can know but one country and one duty, and would not urge another to go where we are not willing ourselves to lead.

But in taking this step, we shall neither shut our eyes to a vile and wicked policy, nor close our lips against the mercenary spirit which has involved the country in the horrors of war. With our harness on, we feel, indeed, a more unconquerable determination to resist the giant cause of all this mischief; a stronger will than ever to overturn a corrupt dynasty, and elect as rulers, freemen who will stand by and defend the free. Not a jot of principle do we give up! Not a hair's-breadth of sentiment, of opinion, or of opposition, shall we yield to the curse which, vampire-like, is sucking away the life-blood of the nation, and which, unless shaken off forever, will desolate the Republic, while glutting its infernal lust.

We need not quote any more; here is the gist of the matter. He goes on to show, then, by what unprincipled demagogues we are governed, and how absolutely necessary it is that we should be rid of them. He is in favor of establishing a "sound public opinion," and then, by the ballot-box, to put good men into office. For this end he calls on all men who are for "*peace, and progress, and freedom,*" to unite and labor till "the CONSTITUTION AND UNIVERSAL LIBERTY shall be acknowledged by all men." All which is very prettily written, and we should have thought it a month ago, notwithstanding our difficulty in understanding the precise connection between the Constitution and Liberty, pretty well for a Kentuckian. But this advocate for *peace, and progress, and freedom*, threw down his pen to gird on his sword, and from making public opinion at home he has marched across the Rio Grande to shoot it into the Mexicans, to help sack their churches, to despoil them of their richest provinces, and establish Slavery.

He closes by saying, that he leaves his paper in good Anti Slavery hands. It is felt, he says, in Eastern Tennessee, and in the mountains of South Carolina, and Virginia. "And see," he says, "what an inroad would be made upon Slavery, if the people of this large region were roused against Slavery!" So he bids his readers look at the map, and see how large a country it is; and then, "for the cause, asks the friends of freedom to sustain the True American!" While his readers have the map before them they may as well compare Eastern Tennessee, and Western South Carolina, and Virginia, to the country between the Sabine and some point not yet determined upon west of the Rio Grande, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans.

But who edits the True American? We have our guess.

To Correspondents.

W. H. C. is informed that a paper is already sent to C. We will make such disposition of his as seems best. A gratuitous copy is also sent to B. F. What shall we do with the other?

The letter of M. M. H. of H——, contained three dollars only, and not six, as was stated.

D. S. G. is assured that his friend's paper was stopped by order of himself or the postmaster. We wonder that the Doctor did not write to inquire why he did not receive the paper, if he considered it "the best he ever read." We advise him to look in future to his postmaster. These gentlemen sometimes take it upon themselves to decide what sort of papers are good for the people. Probably this was the case in this instance.

J. C. H. shall hear from us speedily. We are very glad to know of his determination. We have thought of and proposed the very plan he urges, and no efforts of ours shall be spared to bring it about.

J. E. J. entirely misapprehends us. A speedy explanation may be looked for.

We consider J. M. McK.'s proposition entirely "off the platform." We never use either of the articles. *That ultima ratio* we shall not resort to, except upon compulsion. We hope he will not put us to the test.

J. R. L. has our thanks. We regret his letter was not a day earlier.

Many thanks to S. M. for his promptness. His request in regard to the papers is complied with.

J. W. P. is assured that he is doing just what we wish him to do. His letter of the 13th, with two names, is received. We hope he will send more. He shall receive the Standard.

Anti-War Meeting at Syracuse.

We have received an account of this meeting, but too late for this paper. A letter from an esteemed friend, received just before we go to press, says: "The past week has been devoted to the anti-war meeting, and truly we have had an exciting time. But our opponents have helped us more than they have hurt us. Their procedure is universally and severely condemned, and they are beginning to make explanations and apologies." It seems that the war party turned the other out of the place of meeting, by their riotous conduct. We shall give a full account next week.

The accomplished writer of the letter from Port-au-Prince, in another column, than whom there could not be better authority as to the state of things in Haïti, is the gentleman whom the American Abolitionists met in London, in 1840, and whose admirable essay on prejudice of color took the French Abolition Society's prize. The Constitution of 1816, to which reference is made, makes the Roman Catholic the established Church in Haïti, and hence it will be seen, that the great bone of contention between the "partie Française," and the "partie Espagnole," is removed, and therefore Haïtian stocks must sink a little in the diplomatic-intrigue market. We may translate the address hereafter.

☞ Many of our friends have probably seen a statement in some of the papers, within a few days past, of the serious illness of our venerable and venerated friend, Isaac T. Hopper. We are very happy to assure them that he is gradually recovering.

OREGON BOUNDARY SETTLED.—This is finally certain, though the terms of the Treaty are not yet definitely known.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Extracts from a Letter, dated

DUBLIN, IRELAND, May 28, 1846.

"A capital pamphlet on the subject of Slavery in the United States, has just appeared in Bristol, [England,] by Mr. Estlin, [an eminent physician of that place]. It contains, in a small space, a good review of Slavery in America, and of the doings of Abolitionists. It is a work which must do good, and I expect it will be read extensively. * * I thank you for sending me Mr. Pierpont's letter [to the Boston Association]. I read it with much interest, as I had known a little of Mr. P.'s dispute with some of the members of his late congregation. What a noble fellow he is! And how contemptible his opponents appear in contrast with him. * * If intemperance were as popular with us, as Slavery is with you, some of us would, like you, be receiving hard knocks from our moderation men, *alias* drunkard-makers; but they keep a prudent silence. Father Mathew has carried the feelings of the people along with him; and we have in this city another popular Catholic clergyman, Father Spratt, who is doing good service in the cause of sobriety. But there is still much to be done. The entire body of the respectable classes—the educated men—the clergy—the nobility and gentry, with a very few honorable exceptions, are yet to be converted, and until they are converted, it will be vain to expect such a state of things as good men long to see in our country. For to the use of intoxicating drinks must be attributed a large proportion (three-fourths I should say at least) of all the crime and misery existing among us, and which so often cause your slaveholders to exult in the comparison between the wretchedness of our poor, and the greater physical comfort of their slaves. I do not, however, think they gain anything by the contrast. This is certain; our poorest people would indignantly repel the idea of a change to the condition of slaves who have least to complain of. From what I have heard from F. Douglass, I am ready to believe that the most wretched slave is the one who is most kindly treated. A good work appears to be going forward in Scotland, through the means of the agitation in the Free (!) Church, which H. C. Wright, J. N. Buffum F. Douglass, and some others are keeping up. If the blood-stained money be sent back to your Southerners, it must gall them exceedingly, and it will be a great triumph of right principles in Scotland. Our O'Connell set the Scotch a good example in that respect, in refusing the contributions of slaveholders to the Repeal funds. That was noble."

Extracts from a Letter, dated

BRISTOL, ENGLAND, June 1, 1846.

"Frederick Douglass is now in London. He and Mr George Thompson attended the recent annual meeting of our inactive British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. You will also see, by the papers, that Douglass has been lecturing at Mr. Fox's Chapel, in London, Joseph Sturge in the chair, and that a subscription was entered on to bring his wife to England. I shall probably see F. Douglass in London.

"I have to-day seen a captain from St. Vincent. He says the negroes are doing very well for themselves, but not for their old masters. The estates cannot get laborers, and are deteriorating, &c. Some Madeira men have been serviceable workers there. *The negroes are buying ground, building, and becoming proprietors themselves.*

"It is said Mr. Garrison is to be invited to England to attend a proposed Anti-Slavery Convention in London next August. If such be the case, I will certainly go to town to attend it, if I am in health.

"The plan of sending a mission of inquiry to Haïti [by the American Anti-Slavery Society] would, if accomplished, I think, produce important results. I hope you will have the means."

Letter from Port-au-Prince.—The Latest Revolution in Haïti.

[TRANSLATION.]

PORT-AU-PRINCE, May 12, 1846.

MARIA W. CHAPMAN:

MADAM:—I seize this occasion to beg your acceptance of a copy of the address which I was to have pronounced on the accession of General Riché to the Presidency. You have probably learned the details of this event. On the 28th of February, delegates arrived from the department of Artibonite, with letters addressed to *President Riché*, who was then only general of division, and commander of the guard, under President Pierrot. General Riché did not choose to break the seals of despatches thus addressed; and he therefore convoked the head of the department of the West, (Port-au-Prince, and Jeremie, Les Cayes, &c. &c.) as well as the other military authorities, to take cognizance of so important an affair. The authorities did not deem it best to meet upon this invitation, as it was very late at night; but they informed General Riché that they would attend the next morning but one. In effect, on Sunday, the 1st of March, the despatches were opened, in presence of all the military officers then present in the capital, and of a great number of citizens. They contained an address from the inhabitants of St. Marc to General Riché, in which they recapitulated their causes of dissatisfaction with the Government of Pierrot, and announced that they, with the inhabitants of Artibonite, had proclaimed General Riché President of Haïti. The citizens, who had long been sighing for a change of Government in favor of this veteran of Liberty, and who had already been put in possession of the state of affairs at St. Marc, by private interviews with the delegates, hailed this nomination with enthusiasm; and in an instant the great hall of the national palace rung with the cry—"Vive le President Riché!" The bells were rung—salutes were fired from all the fortifications, and the whole city was filled with rejoicing.

The accession of M. Riché is considered by multitudes of the citizens, as the salvation of the Republic. Some there who favored different candidates were dissatisfied, but all had long been disgusted with the administration of Pierrot. No one felt safe. Agriculture, the only source of our wealth, was completely abandoned; theft, and pillage of the public treasury were the order of the day. Never had so much unskilfulness and ignorance been placed at the head of affairs in this country. The first act of President Riché was to proclaim the Constitution of 1816. This magic word has done much to rally all parties. Meanwhile, President Pierrot was slow to submit. He had fixed his residence at the Cape, where he had united the Ministers and the Council of State, and there he conceived the absurd project of establishing, after the example of King Christophe, a monarchy, apart from the great Haïtian family. His Ministers combatted this project, but they could not succeed in making him abandon it. He counted on his troops, and on the officers whom he had elevated to the highest grades, in contempt of all the rules of the service. But these very men hesitated not to abandon him as soon as they learned that the old Constitution had been proclaimed, and that the President had given his word not to molest those who yielded. Pierrot was then obliged to submit. The news met Riché on his arrival at the Cape, whither he had hastened with his staff, his guards, and other troops, to repress in case of need, the disorders that obstinacy on the part of Pierrot might occasion. He left the Cape in a perfectly tranquil state, and happy in the revolution. It now remains for him to make a progress through the South, where the partisans of Acaon (a bandit chieftain) continue to keep up the flame of civil war. Blood still continues to flow there. These monsters rise at the words pillage! conflagration! devastation! Great crimes are committed. Strong reinforcements have, however, been sent, and the Arrondissement Des Cayes is now rid of the insurgents, who have lost nigh twelve hundred of their number. It only remains to free the Grand Anse from the bandits that infest it, and we trust the President's circuit will have the best effect.

All these shocks have, as you will readily believe, caused great derangement in the commercial and business affairs of the country, and the Government has been obliged to have recourse to paper money. But all this is only a natural consequence of the succession of changes that have passed over our land. But calmer times are at hand. The President has determined to re-establish order. His personal character inspires the greatest confidence. He is firm, and will know how to make the rights of property and person respected, which have been heretofore so shamefully outraged. We begin, at length, to breathe again.

Pray ask our common friend, W. L. Garrison, to cause the Liberator to be sent to me direct, to Haïti, in lieu of forwarding it first to Europe, as its luck has been to go lately. I promised you a History of Haïti for the use of our schools, which the Government was to have printed; but our political affairs have arrested the work, at least, for the present moment.

In the speech, of which I send you a copy, I have tried to recall to the Haïtians the spirit of brotherhood, so little comprehended in our country. Public opinion had been perverted under the Government of Pierrot. Caste-rule was in every mouth,—animosity was in every heart. But the reign of union begun with Riché, and it was the moment to preach forgetfulness of the past. The education of our people is, in this respect, to be begun, and we ought to omit no opportunity of giving instruction.

I know not whether the "*American and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Reporter" is still in existence. We never hear of it in this country.

Receive the assurance of my respect, and believe me yours, most truly, LINSTANT.

Recent Publications.

Life in Prairie Land. By Eliza W. Farnham. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

This exceedingly entertaining book forms No. 12 of Harpers' New Miscellany. It is impossible to read Mrs. Farnham's lively sketches, and not feel a high respect for her as a woman. Her experience was exactly of the kind needed to enable her to make a useful book for those who wish to learn the truths of prairie life—its pleasures, privileges, pains, and penalties. But she is unskilled in book-making, and has strung her materials together in such an unartistic manner as very nearly to destroy their value. The first four chapters, and nearly fifty pages, are wasted in idle displays of periphrastic ingenuity, and indeed all through the work this is a besetting sin with the authoress, who bores us to death with such desperate attempts at wit. Five or six pages are taken up in describing the bed-bugs, which she will not, upon any consideration, call by their proper names; three or four more to the description of a pig, which, after all, may not be a pig; as many more to a pony, and so on. She is a dreadful enemy to plain speaking, and takes up as much space, and employs as many words, in saying that she was bitten by a musquetoe, as Mr. James would in describing an encounter between two highwaymen, or Mr. Sims in describing a sun-set, or Mr. Cooper in describing the operation of putting a ship in stays. We give a very short instance of Mrs. Farnham's manner, that we may not be accused of injustice.

"The night brought on another general engagement between the passengers and the vermin. The latter held the births by prior occupancy and could not be routed, but they were more than willing to enter into a treaty for joint tenancy with certain privileges in their favor. It was these privileges that made all the mischief. Like most questions in diplomacy, they were exceedingly difficult to settle; one party claimed and exercised them on all opportunities, the other denied them, and rarely failed to offer the most violent opposition to their use, even to the taking of life. It is due to the weaker party, however, to say that they gained by industry and perseverance what they never could by strength—the partial exercise of the prerogatives they claimed; and, in general, the final rout of their more powerful opponents."

There are actually four consecutive pages of similar periphrastic ingenuity; half a dozen of a similar nature are devoted to the musquetoes, and the descriptions of strange feminine attire are almost endless, and particular enough for a milliner's direction-book. But when she comes to objects which we wish to get an idea of, she is most provokingly concise and obscure. She speaks of an elegant flower which she discovered in Prairie land, which gave her immense delight, but she gives neither its color, form, size, order, or name; she alludes to a plant that will immediately cure the bite of a rattlesnake, in the same obscure manner.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Five days Later from Europe.

By the arrival of the Caledonia, at Boston, we have five days later dates. She brings the important intelligence, that England is about to offer her mediation between Mexico and the United States.

A change is expected in the Ministry. Sir Robert Peel, it is said, is desirous of applying the principles of free-trade to sugar, as well as to corn, cotton, and other articles of general consumption. But he is thought to be in advance of his colleagues.

A great Repeal meeting has been held in Dublin, at which Daniel O'Connell was present.

News from Mexico.

The latest dates received are to June 1st. The Consuls of the neutral nations resident at Vera Cruz, had protested against the blockade of that port.

The Mexican Congress had met. President Bustamente was appointed President.

Paredes will march to Matamoros with a strong force.

General Bravo will take the Presidential chair in his absence. The Mexican Government had called a meeting to raise funds.

LATER.—Advices have been received in this city, via Havana, from Vera Cruz, to the 2d inst. Mexico continues in the same distracted state as usual, and it is denied that the Revolution in the South is suppressed. It is asserted positively that Gen. Paredes is about to march for the Rio Grande with an army of 7,000 men.

The New Orleans Tropic of the 15th instant, says, that by a letter just received, it is stated that Gen. Arista had proposed to Gen. Taylor an armistice, and that he, (Arista) was at Monterey, with 15,000 men.

From the New Orleans Delta, June 9th.

Latest from the Pacific.

The following important intelligence has been communicated to us by our esteemed Pensacola correspondent:

PENSACOLA, June 5th, 1846.

Messrs. Editors: Yesterday afternoon we were much surprised by the arrival of the steamer Mississippi, five days from Vera Cruz. She left last Saturday, 30th ultimo, having on board Dr. W. M. Wood, U. S. N. bearer of dispatches from the Pacific squadron; also Mr. Parrott, American Consul at Mazatlan, and Mr. Diamond, our Consul at Vera Cruz. The dispatches are said to be of great importance. It is said that the situation of our squadron in relation to the English, who have increased theirs very considerably, is somewhat precarious. It is rumored that as soon as the English hear of the declaration of war against Mexico, it will be the signal for them to take possession of the whole coast, and that it is their intention to do so. If they do attempt it look out for hard knocks. Although Commodore Sloat's squadron is diminished by the return of Old Ironsides home, he will, no doubt, when joined by Capt. Stockton, give a good account of himself.

Dr. Wood left Mazatlan on the 30th of April, made the journey to Vera Cruz in thirty days, after being detained five days on the road between San Blas and Mexico. He states that in travelling through the country, (not being known,) he had frequent opportunities of conversing with and hearing the Mexicans discuss the war. There were various opinions upon the subject—some in favor of carrying it on to any extent; others lukewarm, and rather disposed against it. Those in power seemed to be most ardent for its continuance, for the purposes of retaining their offices. He learned the news of Gen. Taylor's victories, and defeat of the Mexican army, before he reached the city of Mexico. The authorities, who had heard it, endeavored to keep it quiet, and from the ears of the people. It is supposed that when generally known, it will not be received with much enthusiasm by gallant "volunteers." I am rather inclined to think with Pat, that they will have to force them to turn volunteers, and bring them into the field tied in pairs.

On the day of the sailing of the Mississippi, as she was getting up steam, the barque Eugenia, Briscoe, of New-York, ran the blockade. The sloop-of-war, Falmouth, pursued her, firing at her without effect: she got into port in safety, and exultingly displayed her flags. She is the same barque that ran the French blockade.—She will have to run the *gauntlet* coming out, as every preparation is making to take her. There is another barque expected with powder; the squadron is keeping a good look-out for her: she must have light heels to get in if they send the Somers after her.

Capt. Gregory had captured two Mexican vessels of little value, which he released and sent into port. In return for this civility, Gen. Bravo gave permission to American vessels that had been detained, to depart, and wrote Capt. G. a complimentary letter, offering to do anything for him that he could, except furnishing him with supplies. Capt. G. replied, thanking him, and stated that he was not in want of any, but when he was, he would take them. The squadron had also taken two Spanish vessels. After putting prize crews on board, they were given up to the Spanish Commodore, who appeared quite angry at having done so. I suppose he will get over his *miff* soon.

The John Adams left this afternoon with dispatches and letters for the squadron below: she will relieve the Falmouth, which comes up here for supplies. The Cumberland, (flag ship,) and Potomac will leave on Monday or Tuesday, having nearly finished taking in their supplies of water and provisions. The Mississippi will follow as soon as she gets her coal in. So the harbor will be left naked again until the arrival of the Falmouth. More anon. Truly yours, W.

General Items.

The Campaign.—Movements of General Taylor.—The Union, of Monday, says:—Energy and action will mark the campaign. The volunteers are approaching from different directions, prepared to second with all their enthusiasm the movements of the commanding General. His march is *onward* for Monterey—(not, of course, the Monterey of the Pacific,) but the Monterey of the province of New Leon, marked off in the valuable table of distances, which we publish to-day, from the pen of an experienced guide. We advise the reader to preserve it for future reference.

General Taylor is about to ascend the Rio Grande for Camargo—but he wants for this purpose, flat-bottomed steamboats. In this respect some of his arrangements have been delayed. One steamboat is rendered unsafe by the worms—another has bilged. He has sent an active agent up the Mississippi to obtain the necessary transportation. "Rough and Ready" will lose as little time as possible. We hope to hear of his reaching Monterey in the month of July. Then he is at the table lands of Mexico.—*Tribune.*

The greater part of the officers who were lately killed and wounded in Mexico were from New England—mostly from Massachusetts, we believe. Among them were Major Brown, of Clarksburg; Lieut. Burbank, of Worcester; Lieut. Marcy, of Greenwich; Lieutenants Ruggles, and Plummer, of Barre; Lieut. Lincoln, of Worcester; and Lieut. Jordan, of Canton.

And yet, in the recent military appointments, *not one* was given to New England!—*Hampshire Herald.*

A White Slave.—Interesting Case.—A similar case to that of the German girl recently decided in New Orleans, has occurred at St. Louis, which is related as follows, in the Reporter:

"A few days since, a young man, apparently of white parentage, was arrested at the instance of a Mr. Mountjoy, of Missouri, who claimed him as a slave. The young man's own story is, that he is the illegitimate son of white parents, his mother being an unmarried woman, and that he was placed, while an infant, in the care of some blacks, the property of Mr. Vaughan, of Virginia. At an early age, Mr. V. adopted him as an apprentice, promising to rear him, and at the age of manhood give him his freedom, &c. In a few years, however, Mr. V. died, and the lad fell under the guardianship of the present claimant, who held him as a slave, and refused to recognize him as an a prentice. The boy was brought to Missourri, and thence taken to Illinois, where he was employed as a race-rider. Eventually he eloped, and for several years has been roaming through the West, probably in none the best of company. A short time since he came to the city, and, as stated, was arrested. He is now in prison, and efforts we learn have been instituted to fathom the mysteries of his story."

Creditable.—The editor of the Cherokee Advocate asserts, that in proportion to the population, there are fewer men among the Cherokees who cannot read and write, either Cherokee or English, than are to be found in any State in the Union.

Liberality.—William Appleton, Esq. of Boston, has offered to give twenty-five thousand dollars toward founding an Episcopal Theological Seminary in the Diocese, if an equal sum can be raised, for the same purpose, from other sources

James Gordon Bennett's name is in the list of passengers by the Hibernia, accompanied by the statement that he is "bearer of dispatches" to the American Minister at London.

President EVERETT will deliver the Annual Address before the Association of the Alumni, of Harvard College, on Friday, the 28th of August. On the 28th, Charles Sumner, Esq. in addition, will deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Oration.

A Runaway Detected.—A negro boy of Mr. Clark, advertised during the week as having absconded, was discovered by Captain Spinney on board the Palmetto, after she had got out to sea. Captain Spinney having spoken the ship Sutton, for this port, when near Sandy Hook, transferred the runaway to that vessel.—*Charleston News*

Connecticut.—The Legislature of Connecticut closed its session at eight o'clock on the morning of the 18th. The House, on Wednesday, passed a resolution appropriating $1,000 towards the erection of a monument to the memory of Capt. Nathan Hale, who was executed as a Spy in the Revolutionary War, saying with his last breath, that his only regret was, he had but one life to give to his country.

Lynched.—A man was severely whipped in Waterloo, Point Coupee parish, the other day, for endeavoring to excite insubordination among the slaves. After begging alms all day, and treating himself liberally at a grocery, he commenced preaching to the negroes—telling them that they must strike for their liberty—that they would receive aid from the North. He was arrested by order of Judge Lynch, and after receiving a sound cowhiding, was put across the river.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Our townsman, Elihu Burritt, sailed for England yesterday in the Hibernia. He took with him the response of the citizens of Worcester, (Mass.) to the address of the citizens of Worcester, in England, upon the subject of our international relations. Mr. Burritt has, within the year past, received numerous letters from eminent Englishmen at home, and has thus formed an acquaintance, in advance, which will be highly serviceable and pleasant. We presume he will correspond, during his absence through the columns of the Christian Citizen. We wish him a pleasant and wholesome voyage.—*Worcester Ægis.*

A negro named Lewis, sentenced to be hung at Camden, (N. C.) on the 29th ultimo, was *strangled* on the 30th ult. The editor of the North State Whig characterizes it as a most horrible spectacle.

A Compliment.—Dr. Ely, in the course of his pro-slavery speech before the General Assembly last week, said he would admit to the communion and fellowship of the Church, "Free-Masons, Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Daughters of Temperance, tobacco chewers, slaveholders, and Abolitionists—*provided they were not of the Garrison stamp.*"

This we take as one of the highest compliments Dr. Ely could have possibly paid us.—*Penna. Freeman.*

Three Slaveholding Bishops.—We are informed by the "Western Christian Advocate" that three out of four Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South are large slaveholders, and one of them, Dr. Paine, has seventy-five slaves. It seems that holding slaves is hereafter to be considered a virtue, and a recommendation to office in that pro-slavery body. Well, let them exalt it and sanctify it as much as they please, it will only hasten its overthrow, and make its downfall the more manifest.—*Religious Telescope.*

Great loss of life at Quebec.—An awful fire occurred on the evening of the 15th instant, at the Theatre Royal, Quebec, which caused the destruction of about fifty lives. A camphene lamp was upset upon the stage, which was the cause of the fire.

Rev. John Pierpont, jr. preached his farewell sermon before the Second Congregational Society (Unitarian) in Lynn, on Sunday, the 14th.

Married,

At Buenos Ayres, on the 17th of March, last, at the residence of Hon. Wm. Breni, Jr. Charge d'Affairs of the United States, by Rev. A. Faber, *Thomas P. McBlair*, of the U. S. Navy, to *Mary C. Walsh* daughter of Robert Walsh, Esq. Consul of the United States at Paris.

In this city, on the 16th, by Rev. Alexander Crummell, Mr. *Wm. Henry Montague* to Miss *Eliza Adams*, both of Boston.

In this city, *Drummond Farnsworth*, Esq. of Norridgewock, (Me.) to Miss *Julia A. Whittemore*, of West Cambridge, Mass.

Died,

In Buffalo, on the 14th instant, of consumption, *William J. Willets*, of Cincinnati, Ohio, son of Joseph Willets, of New-York city, aged 27 years.

In Washington, 12th instant, Capt. *John Rogers*, Principal Chief of the Western Cherokees, aged 70 years.

In Hartford, 5th instant, Mrs. *Harriett C. Pennington*, wife of Rev. *J. W. Pennington*, aged 36 years.

In Hallowell, (Me.) 7th instant, Mr. *Ebenezer Dole, Jr.* eldest son of Dea. E. Dole of this town, aged 30.

In Gloucester, 7th instant, Mr. *Moses Lufkin*, aged 90 years, for two years a drummer in Gen. Washington's Life Guard; he was at the battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill, Trenton, and Saratoga.

At St. Johnsberry, (Vt.) on the 28th of May, Rev. *Leonard Worcester*, for nearly fifty years pastor of the Congregational church in Peacham, Vt.

At Nelson Flats, Madison county, on the 11th of March, *Huldah Isabell*, wife of Richard Sherman, in the 61st year of her age.

In New-York, 8th instant, Miss *Martha R. Sturgis*, daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Sturgis, of Barnstable, Mass.

At Madisonville, (La.) *Thomas Barret*, Esq. late Collector of the Customs at New Orleans.

At this city, on Friday, 12th instant, after a painful illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, *Sylvia W. Ross*, sister of Mrs. Charles B. Ray, aged 27.

At Pittsburg, on the 16th instant, Rev. *Robert Bruce*, D. D. of the First Associate Presbyterian Church of that city, and long the President of the Western University.

At his residence, in Rowe, Mass. on the 15th ultimo, Hon. *Solomon Reed*, late a Senator of Massachusetts, aged 66 years.

In Cincinnati, on the 13th instant, Mrs. *Emilie Anna*, wife of Dr. Frederick Rolker, and daughter of the late Daniel Hastings, formerly of Boston, aged 18 years.

NOTICES.

TO THE ABOLITIONIST OF THE WEST.

NEW-YORK, June 1st, 1846.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, at its late annual meeting, in New-York,

"Resolved, That in view of the present exigencies of the cause, and the plan of the campaign of the ensuing year, we will raise the sum of ten thousand dollars."

In accordance with this resolution, the Executive Committee of the Society resolved that a special fund be raised in the West to sustain agents in that field, and farther resolved to contribute from the Treasury of the Society, for that purpose, $400 00

Thomas Donaldson, pledged	100 00
Mary Donaldson, "	50 00
C. B. Taylor, of Pittsburgh,	50 00
Total,	600 00

All subscriptions and donations to this fund, will be promptly acknowledged in the Anti-Slavery Bugle; and the friends of the cause are urgently solicited to forward their names, with the amount they are willing to contribute, to be paid within the year, to James Barnaby, Jr. or the editors of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, at Salem, Columbianna county, Ohio.

Individuals are requested to become volunteer agents to procure subscriptions in their respective neighborhoods, and to forward the names of contributors with the amount subscribed as above specified.

Abolitionists of the West, shall not the above sum be quadrupled? Your replies to that question will be heard in your actions? Will you not act? With a little effort, the sum may be more than quadrupled, and eight or ten lecturing agents kept in the field during the year.

Respectfully, SAMUEL BROOKE,
Gen'l. Ag't. Am. A. S. Soc. for West.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will hold a convention at Canterbury, on the Fourth of July, next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and continuing through the day. Interesting addresses may be expected on the occasion. Entertainment will be provided for friends from a distance. C. C. Burleigh and C. L. Remond, will be in attendance.

Let not the time, nor the place of our meeting be forgotten. Canterbury *has* been the scene of mournful exhibitions of negro-hating and mobocracy. Here Prudence Crandal bore her noble testimony to the true and right, in the face of scorn, abuse, violence, persecution, and imprisonment. Emulating her earnest fidelity, come to the gathering of the *free*, and consecrate to humanity a day so long desecrated by rum and powder celebrations, and hollow pretensions to freedom.

The patriot, the Christian, the philanthropist, but, above all, the *man* is invited to attend.

GEORGE SHARPE, *Pres.*

LUCIAN BURLEIGH, *Sec.*

RHODE ISLAND FAIR.

PROVIDENCE, MAY 22, 1846.

Dear Friends:—We beg leave to call your attention to the ANNUAL RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, to be held in this City on WEDNESDAY, (Commencement day,) September 2d. We do this the more readily, and hopefully, as the result of the last Fair, and the liberality manifested by friends in furnishing its tables, and in various other ways supplying its wants, far exceeded our expectations. To you all, we render hearty thanks, assuring you that the proceeds of your labors have done much to renew the energies, strengthen the courage, and revive the hopes of the slave's toiling friends, and relieve the necessities of many a fugitive from the house of oppression.

But we must still urge a renewal of your benevolence, and an extension of your liberality. The great cause in which we are engaged is still unconsummated—the public mind is still laboring under the withering, cramping influences of party prejudice, and sectarian exclusiveness. The public ear is still deaf "to the cries of God's poor." The public eye is still blinded to the thousand bloody results of American despotism. The institutions, political and social, of the whole land, are still swayed at the dictation of mongers of human flesh. The country is being burdened by the annexation of immense tracts of slaveholding territory. To support the *infernal* system, and multiply the victims of human tyranny, our people are called to unsheathe the sword—to immolate themselves upon the wreaking altars of *war*. We call upon you, friends, to make another effort to break these chains—to annihilate this scheme of diabolical intrigue and conspiracy against the lives and liberties of human beings. We ask you to help us to make the *effort*. Let us spare neither expense or trouble; as we esteem the welfare and happiness of *human beings*—sons and daughters with us of one Great Common Father;—as we value our characters as Christians, and friends of the human race—as we wish to prove the sincerity of our professions, let us individually and collectively address ourselves to the task. Let us forget all selfish interests, and labor for the good of others. This will soften the severest toil, and lighten the heaviest burden.

We invite you to enlist with us in this work, both by contributing, yourselves, of whatever Providence has thrown into your possession of a contributable nature, and by soliciting contributions from others. Nothing will come amiss—anything and everything will aid us. We earnestly entreat you to leave no friend unsolicited—to let no influence lie dormant—to let no energy remain inactive—to let our stock lack nothing which you can possibly spare.

Any requisite information may be obtained by addressing Amarancy Paine, Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorrance streets. Contributions and donations may be deposited in the same place, or with either of the following persons:

S. R. Harris,	*Mary R. Clarke,*
S. B. R. Foster,	*E. H. Brown,*
Abby Burgess,	*Amarancy Paine,*
Caroline Ashley,	*H. B. Redway,*
Mary Hathaway,	*Parthena T. Janes,*
Abby Thurber,	*Sarah R. Smith,*
Lucretia Francis,	*Mary Smith.*

THE RURAL FAIR.

Fourth of July at Dedham.

This effort on behalf of the cause of Freedom in MASSACHUSETTS, will be made at the "TEMPERANCE GROVE," DEDHAM, on the 4th of July.

It is the purpose of the managers to spare no exertion to redeem that day for the *present* service of righteous principle, by making it a holyday on which the whole community may enjoy with them, the pleasure of a true festival of freedom in union with the higher satisfaction of duty fulfilled, by a simultaneous exertion to aid in carrying out the principles of our forefathers.

We have made comfortable arrangements for the exhibition, and sale of a rare and valuable collection of beautiful and useful articles, such as no other opportunity can present; with fruits, flowers, and refreshments of every kind; and propose to provide such accommodations as shall make this rural festival a most happy and inviting one to all the friends from the city and surrounding country.

The Massachusetts Society intend to celebrate the day at the same time and place. Addresses from the most devoted and eloquent friends of the cause, may be expected, with vocal and instrumental music from our musical friends. More particular announcements will be given hereafter.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
For the Managers.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their *moral resolves* to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and books and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to help them" will rest upon you.

You are also respectfully informed that the anti-slavery ladies of the city of Rochester have determined to sacrifice their time and means for the purpose of holding a fair on Christmas week of this year, and New Year's day of next year; the proceeds of which are to be applied for the spreading of anti-slavery truth, in the most judicious way, for the benefit of the slave.

Any assistance that can be rendered them in carrying out this plan, either in useful or ornamental work from the hands of ladies, agricultural produce from the industry and kind hearts of farmers, or specimens of mechanical ingenuity from those who work in wood, brass, iron, or any other material, will be thankfully received, and give evidence that there is "still flesh in man's obdurate heart that feels for fellow-man."

Donations of any kind may be placed in the hands of the general agent, WM. W. BROWN, or directed to HENRY BUSH, Treasurer, R

Poetry.

From the Boston Courier.

PLEA FOR PEACE.

BY W. W. STORY.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Rouse ye, noble hearts and fearless!
Gather Christians near and far!
Hear ye not Hell's watchword sounding?
Hear ye not the din of war?
Rouse ye, for your voice is needed!
Trust not in a weak repose!
Truth and Justice are invaded!
Rouse ye up to meet their foes!

Murder, in the open noonday,
Underneath war's bloody cloak,
Stalks abroad and calls her hirelings
To the angry battle's smoke—
And from many a Christian pulpit
Pious preachers lift above
Prayers unto the God of battles,—
Not unto the God of love.

In our streets the fifes are playing,
Drums are beating for recruits,
For a lustful war of conquest,
Only worthy human brutes;—
And there are who call it glory
Through a battle's crime to wade,—
And who deem that blood and carnarge
Are a Christian's lawful trade.

Is it by a Christian people,
Is it in a Christian land,
That such prayers as these are lifted,
Such unholy deeds are planned?
In this age of boasted Freedom
Can this wretched truth be told,
Our religion is a pretence—
We have only faith in Gold?

Is it to repel invasion?
Is it then for Freedom's cause,
We must do man's saddest duty,
To defend our homes and laws?
No, by heaven! a baser motive
Never prompted man to war,
Than the mean and wicked objects
We are called to battle for.

Oh! my country, how degraded
Is thy high estate of yore!
How hath Freedom's aureole faded,
That thy young fair forehead wore!
Thou wert then a star of morning,
Whither nations turned their eyes,
And the burning hopes of millions
Hailed the splendor of thy rise!

Ah! that thou should'st break thy pledges,
Dip thy hands in sin and shame,
Be a coward and apostate,
Falling from thy lofty aim,—
Treading on through blood to conquest,
Treacherous, cruel, and unjust,
Stealing from a weaker brother
With a base, unholy lust.

Shame! that thou should'st fight the battles
Of a coward and a thief,
That three million human chattels
Vainly ask a just relief!
If there be a God in heaven,
Justice in the end shall win!
Thou shalt feel a retribution,
Deep and fearful as thy sin.

Mercy shall not always suffer,
Nor the law be broke in vain,
That ordains, that he who giveth,
Shall receive the like again.
In its unseen sheath the Future
Hides the avenging sword of fate,
And its lightning blade shall pierce thee,
Come it early, come it late.

But the heart whose aspiration
Seeketh for the good of all,
And would ask, that every nation
Join in on Truth's great festival,
Shudders at the chains of Slavery,
At the fraud and reckless strife,
At the cursed thirst for money,
That corrodes this nation's life.

But though Christian man be sunken
Deeper in his shame and crime,
Than the rudest untaught savage
In a Polynesian clime,
Though religion be profession,
And our country's creed be gain,
There are noble spirits yearning
Christ's free kingdom to attain.

And I call upon your voices,
In this hour of deepest need,
Ye who hold that hell rejoices
In war's foul and bloody creed—
Ye who are from the creed of vengeance,
As from chains have found release,
Mercy, justice, call upon ye,
To uphold the law of peace!

Let the cunning breath of party
Blow the angry flame of strife,
Let men sever faith from practice,
Their religion from their life;
But do ye uphold in earnest,
That the doctrine Christ hath taught
Is no weak and empty dogma,
But a law of life and thought.

Yours the task to plead for Justice,
For the holy law of Peace,—
Yours to win the words and mercy,
That shall give the slave release,—
Yours to help each struggling brother
In his efforts to be free,
And to wed all men and nations
In one great Humanity.

JUNE 7th, 1846.

From Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

A VICTORY!

BY R. E. B. MACLELAN.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare;
Bold music fills the startled streets
With mirth-inspiring sound;
The gaping cannon's reddening breath
Wakes thunder-shouts around;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played;
Less wild and frolicksome than she,
That rosy prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek grows ghostly white;
Her eye with fear is filled,
And rushing in-of-doors, she screams—
"My brother Willie's killed!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,
A-knitting by the fire,
Plying the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She tore her few grey hairs, and shrieked,
"My joy on earth is done!
Oh! who will lay me in my grave?
Oh, God! my son! my son!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,
With matron's treasure blessed:
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell;
But like a corpse, all white and stiff,
Upon the earth-floor fell.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

An old, weak man, with head of snow,
And years threescore and ten,
Looked in upon his cabin-home,
And anguish seized him then.
He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,
Matron nor little maid,
One scalding tear, one choking sob—
He knelt him down and prayed.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

Miscellany.

From Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

LETTER TO JOHN ROBINSON, PRIVATE OF THE NINETY-FIRST REGIMENT.

DEAR JOHN:—When this letter may find you, it is n't for me to say; but wherever you are, it will no doubt find you upon a bed of laurels; though, for my own part, I do think a bed of good honest goose feathers, the more comfortable lying. Mind, I don't for a moment want to think light of what you 've done, and what you 've suffered. Not a bit of it. Terrible work it must be, and a bold heart a man must needs have, to go through it; you 've earned your share of glory—(though what may be your share, as a full private, I can't say)—and I should think have got your bellyful of it for life. It's my hope, however, that you will never get any more. No, having cleaned the blood from your bayonet, and once more polished up your firelock, it 's my hope that they 'll never know service again. I do hope, whatever you may think, that you 've had enough of the sport; now sticking cold iron into the bowels of a screeching man, and now knocking in his skull, as though it was no more than a pumpkin. When the guns are firing, and the blood 's up, of course you think nothing of the work, going at it as though you were an engine of brass, made to shoot and stab. But, I should say, it can't be pleasant to think of when it 's over. That field of glory, as it 's called, must go nigh to make a man heart-sick; must make him a little out-of-sorts with himself; 'tis so different a field to a field of cut corn. For my part, John, I would much sooner cultivate turnips than laurels. A turnip 's a nice thing for men and cattle, and so easily grown. Now, laurel—even a sprig of it—must be raised in the devil's hot-house, and be manured with human blood. Still, according to some folks, there 's some human blood that Providence thinks no more of than ditchwater. Of course, there 's been a pretty hurrah here in England about your putting down the Sikhs. One quiet gentleman with a goose quill, is very pious indeed upon the matter; and thinks that the war was expressly ordered to destroy "the scum of Asia." Providence having employed the British army for no other purpose than to sweep from the earth so much of its own offal. It's droll to think of your pious Christian, in his easy chair, with his foot on a soft stool, his rent and taxes paid, and his pew at the parish church newly cushioned; it 's something more than droll, is n't it, to think of him lifting his pious eyes to the ceiling, and talking of some twenty thousand slaughtered men as the "scum," the refuse of creatures; as animals just a little above apes, of no account at all to the God who made 'em. He—good John!—thinks of 'em as no more than the vermin that once or twice a year is cleaned out of his bedsteads, that decent respectable people may take their rest all the cosier for the cleaning. Easy Christianity, is n't it?

And then the demand there 's been for religion in this matter. A score of pious people—all hot from their Bibles—day after day write to the papers to know when they were to be comforted, by being authorized by her Majesty to return thanks for the slaughter. "Are we to shut up in our own breasts," writes one, very much afraid of bursting, "the grateful emotion?" Was there to be no safety-valve—as I believe they call it—ordered by the Government? "Are we ever to content ourselves with talking to one another, as individuals, of this *our* great deliverance!" This Christian writes from Brighton, and with, no doubt, tears as big as marbles in his eyes, wants to know when he is—according to a government order, as if he could n't offer up a private prayer on his own account—when he is to be allowed to return thanks to "Him, who is the God of Battles." Perhaps I am very wicked, but for my part I never can bring myself to think of Him as the God of Battles. The God of Love—the God of Mercy—the God of Goodness;—but I cannot say the God of Fire—the God of Blood—the God of every horror, committed upon man, woman, and child, in the madness of fight. Looking at a field of clover, I could thankfully say, the field of God; but the words stick in my throat when I think of a field of glory; a field soaked with blood—a field with thousands of dead and dying creatures upon it, sent into the world by God. But then, I 'm only an ignorant cabman.

However, some folks are as glad that the Sikhs are slaughtered as though they 'd been no more than so many locusts. It 's a great day for Christianity, they cry; never forgetting gunpowder in their religion. One gentleman—I think he 's an Indian Director—sees a good deal of likeness between the despatches of your General and the Bible. The Sikhs are the worshippers of Moloch, he says; and like them have been destroyed by the true believers. Indeed, I 've no doubt then these very religious folks would go from Genesis to Malachi, and find a resemblance in every chapter to every fight and movement in a whole campaign. And I dare say, then, they 're quite sincere and honest in what they mean—but then why don 't they go on to the New Testament? Why do they stop short at that? And if they do stop short, and take all their examples of bloodshed from the Bible; and none of their teaching from the sermon on the Mount, why—I must ask it, though I know I am nothing but a foolish cabman—why don't they, so to speak, undo their Christianity? Why don't they turn Jews at once; and return thanks, not according to the Testament in a Christian church, but as the Bible directs, in a synagogue?

Nevertheless, John Robinson, we *have* returned thanks that all of you, with your muskets, and your shells, and your bayonets, and cannon, have killed thousands of the Sikhs. To be sure, they struck the first blow—that I can't deny. For all that, I do think that in the prayer that was made by the Archbishop, we did crow over 'em a little too much. For my part, I should have liked it better if the prayer had said something, regretting like, the causes of the dreadful slaughter. Whereas, it accounted no more of the Sikhs—poor things—is it their fault, if they 're not believers in the Scripture?—than if they 'd been so many mad dogs, knocked on the head, for peace and safety.

It was quite a holyday in our parish; and I do assure you many of the people looked, as they went to and from the church, quite as proud as if they 'd handled sword and musket on their own account, and were returning thanks for their own courage. There was Snaps, the shoemaker and churchwarden. He had, I know, all the battle at his fingers' ends—and looked as if he felt himself quite a soldier all the service. And his wife had a bran-new gown for the ceremony, and his daughters new bonnets. Indeed, I could run over fifty people who went to church that day, as if they were going to parade; and after they 'd heard the Archbishop's prayer, they looked about 'em quite proud and satisfied, as much as to say—"See what we can do in the defence of our country!" For myself, (but then I 'm only a cabman,) I must say it—I did feel it a melancholy business. I could n't, do all I could, get the horrors of the battle out of my head. When the organ began to play, I only thought of the roaring of the guns, and the groans of the dying. There was one part in the printed account of the fight that I could *not* forget. It was this:—

"The battle had begun at six, and was over at eleven o'clock; the hand-to-hand combat commenced at nine, and lasted scarcely two hours. *The river was full of sinking men.* For two hours, volley after volley *was poured in upon the human mass*—the stream being *literally red with blood, and covered with the bodies of the slain.* At last, the musket amunition becoming exhausted, the infantry fell to rear; the horse artillery plying grape, till not a man was visible within range. No COMPASSION WAS FELT, OR MERCY SHOWN!"

Yes, John; "no compassion was felt, or mercy shown!" And we, as Christians, were called upon to give thanks for it!

Well, our clergyman—he 's a kind, good creature as ever prayed in a pulpit—he preached upon the text, (I 've no doubt he 'd some meaning in it,) "*But I say unto you, love your enemies.*" A beautiful discourse he made; though I do assure you, a good many of the people, all tucked out in their best feathers, (quite a church review I can tell you,) in compliment to your guns and bayonets, did look a little glum as the good gentleman went on—for all the world as if they thought such a discourse was n't for *that* day, any how. Nevertheless, he preached as he always does, real, every-day religion—religion to be worn like an every-day coat in the working-day world, and not the religion that's put on to come to church in. He worked the text in all manner of beautiful ways. It did sound cold, to be sure, after we had been thanking God for helping us to slaughter thousands of barbarians—thanking God in the words of an Archbishop—to hear the words of HIM who tells us to "love our enemies"—and *not* to kill 'em. "No compassion was felt, or mercy shown," says the account of the battle. "Love your enemies," says Christ.

"Yes, all that 's very well," said Collops, the butcher, to whom I was talking after this fashion—Collops had mounted an entire new suit for the Thanksgiving—"that 's all very well, Mister Hedgehog, but it won't do; such things are not to be taken in a straight-for'ard sense. Christianity is a beautiful thing, not a doubt on it, but to be a Christian every day in the week, I must shut up my shop. It was never intended. It 's quite enough if a man attends his church, and is an earnest Christian once in seven days." And there 's a good many folks like Collops in our parish; and I 'm afeard in every other parish too.

However, John, I hope it's our last thanksgiving for gunpowder. Let us only keep peace for an odd ten or fifteen years more, and you may bid good-by to war for good. The young lads of our time will be brought up in a better school than their poor fathers, and won't have the same relish for blood. They won't cackle about glory like their parent ganders—it's the young 'uns that I put my hope upon; for it 's no easy matter—in fact, it 's not to be done—to send middle-aged and old men to school again, to unlearn all the stupidity and trumpery of all their lives. And so, John, I do hope you 'll never fire another shot. Not but what you 'll be pleased to hear that there 's quite a stir among us just now—get the *Quarterly Review*, if there 's a circulating library at Lahore—quite a stir about educating the private soldier. They 're going to make him quite a moral, scientific gentleman. They 're going to have libraries for him, though they say nothing about taking away the halberds. And whether the soldier is still to have the cat-o'-nine tails or no, I can 't tell; but certainly they do say he 's to have books. And so no more from your affectionate friend,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

MANUSCRIPTS FROM THE EGYPTIAN MONASTERIES.

The December number of the London Quarterly has an article on this subject. Of the difficulty of obtaining these manuscripts, the reader may form some idea from the following account of a visit made a few years ago to this Egyptian valley, by the Hon. Robert Curzon, Jr He says:

I then departed for the monastery of the Syrians, where I arrived in a short time. Here was a congregation of black Abyssinian monks, dressed in wash leather and tallow, who were howling in honor of some Abyssinian saint, in a strange little room at the end of the garden, which was surrounded by a high, fortified wall of the monastery.

They had a library of which I have shown you a sketch, where the manuscripts hung upon pegs by long straps, in a peculiar manner, different from the arrangements of any other library I have ever seen. Besides these black brethren there were ten or twelve Copts. The superior was blind, and very old, with a long, white, venerable beard, but very dirty. When I inquired for books, he showed me the library in a high tower, in a little strong room, with stone niches in the wall. There were some very remarkable Coptic manuscripts—the finest I have ever seen. The latest of them, as I imagine, is that great quarto which you saw at Parham. Two others, on vellum, were lying on the top of an open pot or jar, of which they had formed the lid. There had been jam or preserves of some sort in the pot, which the books had been used to protect; but they had been there so long that the jam had evaporated, leaving some dubious-looking lumps of dirt at the bottom.

I was allowed to take all the manuscripts on vellum, as they were too old to read, and of no use as covers for the vases of preserves. Among a heap of dusty volumes on the floor I found the manuscript Dictionary of which I was in search, but this they would not sell, but they sold me two other imperfect ones, so I put it in one of the niches of the wall, where it remained about two years, when it was purchased and brought away for me by a gentleman at Cairo. You say that Lord Prudhoe fed the monks, and so found the way to their hearts. Now I have found, from much practice, that the two species of Eastern and Western monks may be divided logically into the drinking and the eating kind.

A Benedictine, or even a Capuchine, is a famous hand at a capon, and an oyster pate or so has great charms for him on a fast day—*probatum est:* but the monks of St. Basil are ascetics—they know nothing of cookery beyond garlick or red pepper, and such like strong condiments—howbeit they have a leaning to strong drink, and consider rosoglio as a merchandise adapted to their peculiar wants.

The old blind abbot had solemnly declared that there were no more books in the monastery beside those I had seen; but I had been told by Mr Linant, the Pacha's engineer who had accompanied Lord Prudhoe, that there were some ancient manuscripts in the oil-cellar. Nevertheless the abbot denied the fact; but I got him into my room, with another father, who always went about with him, and there I gave them some rosoglio, which I had brought on purpose. It was very soft stuff, I remember; pink, and tasted as sweet and pleasant as if there was no strength in it. They liked it much, and sat sipping fingians—that is, coffee-cups—of it, with a happy and contented air. When I saw that the face of the blind man waxed unsuspicious, and wore a bland expression which he took no pains to conceal—for he could not see, and did not remember that those who could might read his countenance—I entered again on the subject of the oil-cellar. "There is no oil there," said the old man. "I am curious about the architecture," said I; "I hear yours is a fine oil-cellar." "It is a famous cellar," said the other elder; "and I remember the days when it overflowed with oil. Then there were I do not know how many brethren here, but now we are few and poor. Bad times are now over us, and we are not what we used to be."

This monk having become sentimental, and the abbot unsuspicious, I said, "Well, let us go and see this famous cellar, and we will have another bottle when we come back." This last argument prevailed. We went to the oil-cellar, which was under the great tower, and there were some prodigious pots which once held the oil of gladness, but which now sounded hollow and empty to the touch. There was nothing else here; but taking the candle from the hands of one of the brethren—for they had all followed us into the hole like sheep—I found a low door, and passed into a little vaulted room, which was full of loose leaves of Syriac manuscripts, more than knee deep. These are the famous volumes now deposited in the British Museum.

Here I fumbled about a long time, and after a good deal of digging, I pulled out four books; and two monks, struggling together, pulled out the manuscript Evagelistarium, which you have seen. It was tied up with a string. "Here is a box," shouted the two monks, who were nearly choked with the dust. "A box!" echoed the blind abbot. "Bring it out—make haste—where is the box? Heaven be praised—it is a treasure." "Yes," screamed all the monks, "a treasure, Allah Akbar! a box—out with it—bring out the box." Out they all rushed with the treasure, and I issued forth in the dark, (for they had run away with the candle in their anxiety about the box,) with three octavos under one arm, and a quarto under the other.

I found no more except fragments. These I took to my room, and the abbot and the other brother soon came after me for the promised bottle of rosoglio, which they now much wanted to keep up their spirits when they found the box of treasure to be only a great book. They mumbled and murmured to themselves between their cups, and when they were gradually getting comforted again, I began to talk. "You found no box of treasure in the vault; but behold I am a lover of old books. Give them to me, and I will give you a certain number of piastres in exchange, and so you will have found a treasure, and I will go my way in gladness." "Ah," said they, "how much will you give?" "How much do you want?" said I. And so we settled it over the rosoglio, which smoothed many difficulties.

The Coptic manuscripts on vellum were ensconced in one side of a great pair of camel bags. "Now," said I, "I will put these into the other side, and you shall take it out and help to load the camels." All we could do, we could not put all the books in; and the two monks would not let me have any extra parcel, lest the other brethren should see it, and smell a rat, and claim their share of the spoil—at least I suppose that was their reason. In this extremity I looked at each of the three octavos and the quarto, not knowing which to leave behind. At last, the quarto being imperfect, I left that, and great is my sorrow that I did so, for on looking at the manuscript again, I believe that very quarto is the famous book dated A. D. 411, now the great pride and treasure of the British Museum.

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF GUANO.

The trade in guano, which has been lately opened to the coast of Africa, has not only raised high hopes as to its beneficial effects in improving agriculture, by affording an abundance of the richest manure, but on the commerce, and especially on the shipping interests of the country, it has already occasioned considerable improvement. Everything relating to it is, therefore, a matter of importance, and even the natural history of the article is something more than a mere matter of curiosity. Its name, it would appear, is of Peruvian derivation, and had been called, in the language of the natives, *Huano*, signifying dung or manure; the Spaniards now name it *Guano* or *Guanar*.

The aborigines on the coast of Peru seem to have used guano from time immemorial as manure; and at the time of the European discovery of the country, strict laws had been enacted by the Incas to guard the islands in which it is found, and to punish even with death those who killed the sea-fowls from which it was derived. Much doubt was entertained for some time after being brought to this country, with regard to the origin of guano; the Spaniards early questioned that which seemed to have been clear to the inhabitants of Peru; but chemical examination, and other evidence, leave it no longer undetermined, that the enormous accumulations of this matter on sea-islands, in various localities, are nothing more than the droppings of the myriads of sea-fowls which inhabit them for the purposes of rest and incubation.

Morrell has termed such associations of sea-fowl, "Rookeries," which is the common appellation given to them by the South Sea navigators. His description of one of the Falkland islands is very graphic, and as it is instructive, it is here, in substance, introduced. Those islands extend north and south from latitude 50 deg. 58 min. to 52 deg. 46 min. S.; and east and west from longitude 57 deg. 32 min. to 61 deg. 29 min. W. The feathered tribes, he remarks, are very numerous on the lonely isles in the Southern hemisphere, both in the South Seas and in the South Atlantic Ocean. Of penguins there are four kinds which resort to the Falkland Islands, viz:—the King, the Macaroni, the Jackass, and the Rookery penguin; but the most remarkable bird found on those shores is the penguin's intimate associate and most particular friend, the Albatross.

When a sufficient number of penguins, albatrosses, &c. are assembled on the shore, and a deliberate consultation on the subject has been held, they proceed to the execution of the grand purpose for which they left their favorite element. In the first place they select a level piece of ground, often comprising an extent of four or five acres, as near the water as practicable, always preferring that which is the least encumbered with stones.

As soon as they are satisfied on this point, they proceed to lay out their plan, which they commence by tracing a well-defined parallelogram, of sufficient magnitude to accommodate the whole fraternity. One side of this square runs parallel with the water's edge, and is always left open; the other three sides are differently arranged.

These industrious feathered laborers next proceed to clear all the ground within the square from obstructions of every kind, picking up the stones in their bills and carefully depositing them outside of the lines before mentioned, until they sometimes create a little wall on three sides of the rookery; within this range of stones and rubbish they form a pathway, quite smooth, six or eight feet in width. This is for a general promenade by day, and for the sentinels to patrole by night. The whole area is then laid out in little squares of equal sizes, formed by narrow paths, which cross each other at right angles, and which are also made very smooth; at each intersection of these paths an albatross constructs her nest, while in the centre of each little square is a penguin's nest, so that each albatross is surrounded by four penguins. In this regular manner the whole area is occupied by these feathered sojourners of different species, having at convenient distances, accommodations for other kinds of ocean birds, such as the shag, or green cormorant, and another, which seamen call the nelly.

The penguin's nest is merely a slight excavation in the earth, just deep enough to prevent the egg rolling from its primitive position, while the albatross throws up a little mound of earth, grass, and shells, eight or ten inches high, and about the size of a water bucket, on the summit of which she forms her nest.

None of the nests in these rookeries are ever left unoccupied for a single moment, until the eggs are hatched, and the young ones old enough to take care of themselves; male and female alternately relieving one another when in search of food. By this precaution they prevent their eggs being stolen by the other birds, which would be the case if left exposed, but which, nevertheless, must be often done, for it frequently happens that when the period of incubation is terminated, the young brood will consist of three or four different kinds of birds in one nest.

To stand at a distance and observe the movements of the birds in these rookeries, is not only amusing, but edifying, and even affecting. The camp appears in continual motion, all appear engaged in seeking pleasure, refreshment, or recreation; at the same time the air is almost darkened by an immense number of albatrosses, and other birds, hovering over the rookery like a dense cloud, some continually lighting and meeting their companions, while others are continually rising and shaping their course for the sea.

Sea-fowl in incalculable flocks are observed to congregate for similar purposes everywhere, on the desolate and craggy shores and islands of both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and although the same species of birds are met with in many different latitudes, whose food is alike, and whose droppings can vary little in chemical character, whether this relates to their solubility, fluidity, or solidity, yet, as far as it has been discovered, there seem only very few situations where matter resembling guano, in any quantity, is found. The rocky islands and shores on the Northern and Western coast of Scotland, although they have been no doubt frequented for thousands of years by birds in countless numbers, yet are really known not to have any such deposit upon them; neither does it exist on the lonely islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, nor on the rocky shores of North America, in higher latitudes, to which also vast flocks of sea-fowl migrate every season, to rear their young in fancied security, amidst an abundant supply of food, and where vessel-loads of their eggs are collected by visiters, by whom no report has as yet ever been made of the existence of guano. It must be inferred, from the acute and searching talent which Morrell shows for observation, that he would not have allowed the occurrence of guano on the Falkland Islands, or on others equally the resort of sea-fowl, to have escaped him had it existed. He would have recorded the fact in his description of the South Sea rookeries, and his far-seeing eye would not have failed to discover in mountains of this substance, monuments of production which, if not of a very pure nature, yet are of more real importance to mankind than what is so often recorded in the annals of other biped republics of higher intelligence, but of much less antiquity. It is obvious, therefore, that peculiar causes exist for the accumulation and preservation of the dung of those birds, in such enormous beds as cover some islands on the coast of Peru, Bolivia, and Africa; and we are not to look for these causes alone in the mere temperature of their climate. Many rocky islands and precipitous shores within the tropics, in full possession of the feathered tribes of the ocean, may have thus at least one physical cause existing without any such accumulation, and this could scarcely occur without being noted by the prying eye of man. In such climates, the heavy periodical rains, uncounteracted by other agency, must dissolve everything which is soluble of whatever is deposited on the surface of the earth, and what is not so dissolved would be otherwise, in all likelihood, washed away; the same must occur in temperate and colder climates, where the constant alternations of wetness and dryness, and of heat and cold, must rapidly effect a thorough decomposition, and facilitate greatly the disappearance of all such matters.

If we take a survey of the localities in which guano has hitherto been found in large quantities, we shall find causes in operation which will account for its accumulation.

The seaboard of Peru and Bolivia, from 3 deg. to 22 deg. south latitude, a space of about 1,480 miles in a direct line, is generally of a light, sandy soil, never refreshed by a drop of rain, and although the dews are heavy, they seem of little consequence to vegetation. On this coast are the numerous islands upon which take place the large deposits of guano; on the islands of Chincha and Pacquica, according to good authority, the beds are of great depth, and the quality exceedingly good; but from the coast of Chili, where rain frequently falls, the guano is inferior. Morrell, who seems to have visited most of those islands on the coast of Peru, makes mention of two islands named Lobos Afuero, and Lobos de Terra; and the latter is in latitude 6 deg. 34 min. S. and longitude 80 deg. 45 min. W. and has a safe and convenient harbor on the north side; "they are covered," says he, "with the dung of aquatic birds, sufficient to load thousands of ships, having been accumulating for untold ages. It is called *guanar* by the Spaniards, and is probably the richest manure in the world."

If we now turn to the coast of Africa, we shall find from the same author, that Ichaboe Island is covered to the depth of 25 feet with guano, and is within 1 1-2 miles from the main, and 41 miles to the northward of Possession Island, which is in latitude 26 deg. 57 min. S. longitude 15 deg. 8 min. E.

The south and west coast, from about latitude 16 deg. to 27 deg. south, is a dreary, sandy waste, generally destitute of water. The desert in the neighborhood of Angra Pequina extends into the interior about forty miles, which, being traversed, a country is reached inhabited by an inoffensive and civil race of Hottentots, possessing, as you advance farther, innumerable flocks of cattle, where the land becomes fine and fertile.

About 800 miles of the sea-coast, Morrell says, running northwest and southeast, almost every mile of which was examined by him, presents a range of sandy deserts, upon an average nearly forty miles in breadth. During ten months of the year here, there is scarcely a drop of rain, and for the other two months very little falls. The atmosphere is pure, warm, and dry, to such a degree, that a quarter of fresh beef, weighing two hundred weight, hanging in the rigging, will become perfectly dry, without being tainted in the slightest degree, even to the bone.

Thus, to all appearances, there are identical agencies existing on the coast of Peru and Africa, where guano is found of such superior quality and in such wonderful abundance.

For the deposition and accumulation, then, of guano, in any particular locality, it is essential that there should be a sea-coast on which there are numerous isolated rocky situations, where sea-fowl may collect unmolested to hatch their young, and seas in the vicinity supplying abundance of food; warmth of climate, little or no rain, and a perpetually dry atmosphere. Under a terrestial and atmospherical combination of this sort, Dr. M. Hamilton calculates that a million of birds will produce fifteen tons of guano daily, from their droppings, subject to no further loss from evaporation. No mean quantity would thus, in a very few years, be accumulated in favorable situations, and many such, it is reasonable to suppose, are to be found in both hemispheres.

We can foresee that the stimulus given by the success which has already attended the voyages for African guano, and the idea that the supplies will soon be exhausted, both on the coast of Peru and Africa, must naturally lead to the exploration of new regions, for an article apparently every year growing more and more in request. It will, however, only be by looking to those topographical bearings referred to, that any one can expect to make fresh discoveries of deposits of this substance to an extent which will make them an object of commercial enterprise, or of a quality which will realize the hopes of the farmer.—*Dr. Jackson on Guano.*

From Cottle's Early Recollections of Coleridge.

COLERIDGE IN THE ARMY.

Mr. Coleridge now told us of one of his Cambridge eccentricities, which highly amused us. He said he paid his addresses to some young woman, who rejected his offer, he took it so much in dudgeon that he ran away from the university to London, where, in a reckless state of mind, he enlisted himself as a common man in a regiment of horse. No objection having been taken to his height or age, and being thus accepted, he was asked his name. He had previously determined to give one that was thoroughly Kamtschatkian, but having noticed that morning, over a door in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the name "Cumberbatch," he thought this word sufficiently outlandish, and replied, "Silas Tomken Cumberbatch," and such was the entry in the regimental book. Here, in his new capacity, laborious duties devolved on Mr. C.—the drill sergeant, after using his utmost efforts to bring his raw recruit into something like training, expressed the most serious fears, from his unconquerable awkwardness, that he never should be able to make "*a proper soldier of him!*" Mr. C. it seemed, could not even rub down his own horse, which, however, it should be known, was rather a restive one. He overcame this difficulty by bribing a young man of the regiment to perform the achievement for him; and that on very easy terms; namely, by writing for him some "Love Stanzas," to send to his sweetheart! The inspecting officer of his regiment, on one occasion, was examining the guns of the men, and coming to one piece which was rusty, he called out in an authoritative tone, "Whose rusty gun is this?" when Mr. C. said, "Is it *very* rusty, Sir?" "Yes, Cumberbatch, it *is*," said the officer, sternly. "Then, Sir," replied Mr. C. "it must be mine!" The oddity of the reply disarmed the officer, and the "poor scholar" escaped without punishment. Mr. Coleridge, in the midst of all his deficiencies, it appeared, was liked by the men, although he was the butt of the whole company. There was no man in the regiment who met with so many falls from his horse as Silas Tomken Cumberbatch! He often calculated with so little precision his due equilibrium, that, in mounting on one side, (perhaps the wrong stirrup,) the probability was, especially if his horse moved a little, that he lost his balance, and if he did not fall back on this side, came down ponderously on the other; when the laugh spread amongst the men, "Silas is off again!" Mr. C. had often heard of campaigns, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service. He was indeed a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract notice. Some years after this, he was riding along the turnpike road in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and (quite mistaking his man) thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.: "I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?" "Yes," replied Mr. C. (who was never at a loss for a rejoinder,) "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet a *goose!*" The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on. Some mitigation was now in store for Mr. C. arising out of a whimsical circumstance. He had been placed as a sentinel at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment near Mr. C. talking about Euripides, two lines from whom one of them repeated. At the sound of Greek, the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, "I hope your honors will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines," when he gave them in their more correct form. "Besides," said Mr. C. "instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the "Ædipus of Sophocles." "Why, who the d—l are you?" said the officer, "old Faustus ground young again?" "I am only your honors' humble sentinel," said Mr. C. again touching his cap. The officers hastened into the room, and inquired of one and another about that "odd fish" at the door; when one of the mess told them that he had had his eye upon him, but he would neither tell where he came from, nor anything about his family of the Cumberbatches; "but," continued he, "instead of being an 'odd fish,' I suspect he must be a 'stray bird' from the Oxford or Cambridge aviary." They learned, also, the laughable fact, that he was bruised all over by frequent falls from his horse. "Ah," said one of the officers, "we have had, at different times, two or three of these 'university birds' in our regiment." They, however, kindly took pity on the "poor scholar," and had Mr. C. removed to the medical department, where he was appointed assistant to the regimental hospital.

From the Baltimore Visiter.

FROM THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

DEAR SIR:—The visits of angels to this warring world have been "few and far between." But if they have ceased to manifest themselves to the children of men, perhaps it is because we have angels with us always, if we had but ears to hear the music, and eyes to see the spirit, of their deeds of love. The celestial hosts that filled the heavens of Judea with the melody of "*Peace on earth, and good will to men!*" set that love-breathing anthem to the symphonies of WOMAN'S nature, and left her to take up its notes, and make the whole continent o humanity vocal with the song. The warring legions of the Pagan world were resting on their arms when the heavenly angels opened that song over the cradle of the Prince of Peace. Let the war-trumpets of Christian nations now cease their hoarse clangor, while they listen to woman's voice, stealing over the ocean, and over the waters of human sympathy, singing in every heart that has a heaven in it, "PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO MEN!" Let not the noisy rumors of war drown that voice. The era of woman's influence is emerging, like a Bethlehem Star, from the long night and reign of brute force; and this her voice comes to us, through the disparting clouds, in words of peace and good will to men. Will you not, Mr. Editor, give that voice an utterance that shall reach the hearts of your readers? It is the voice of *sixteen hundred and twenty-three* of the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of old England, to their sisters in America, praying them, as women alone can pray, to "*whisper peace wherever the sounds of discord are heard,*" infusing into the minds of their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, and all around them, a spirit of amity and concord.

ELIHU BURRITT.

WORCESTER, (Mass.) May 29, 1846.

The friendly address of the undersigned Women, inhabitants of the City of Exeter, in England, to the Women of the United States of America.

BELOVED FRIENDS AND SISTERS:—The suggestion of friendly international addresses, in order to deprecate war and create a spirit, having been extensively approved and its adoption pressed upon all classes, we trust it will not be deemed unseemly in women to seek, by the same means, to influence their American sisters in the cause of religion and peace.

It may not be within our province to judge of the merits of the question now at issue between our respective Governments, but we must all feel how greatly to be dreaded would be a resort to arms on any subject. Let us, then, beloved sisters, unite together, though separated by the mighty deep, in using the influence we possess, which is not powerless, though exerted chiefly around the domestic hearth: let us seek to infuse into the minds of our husbands, our fathers, our sons, and our brothers, and of all around us, a spirit of amity and concord, whispering peace wherever the sounds of discord are heard; and let us, as mothers, watch over the opening minds of our tender off-spring, and point out to them that the way to true honor is not through fields of battle, but through the enlightened, straightforward course of justice and equity prescribed by the Gospel of "*Peace on earth and good-will to men.*"

You and we have a common ancestry and are bound together by innumerable ties of consanguinity and mutual interest. Surely then we ought to be united in the bonds of Christian love. How shall those whose interests require the maintenance of closest friendship, who ought to love as brethren, meet on the field of battle to destroy each other!

Above all, let us unite in prayer to the Great Lord of the Universe, who turneth the hearts of the children of men, that He will dispose the rulers of both countries to a pacific adjustment of their national differences, that so the reciprocal benefits of friendly intercourse may still be maintained, and that, under the benign influence of peace, the cause of religion and virtue may prosper, and these two great nations perform their part in promoting the advance of that blissful period, foretold by the Prophet, when nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, and the people shall learn war no more. With sentiments of sincere good will, we remain your friends and sisters,

RACHEL SPARKS, ELIZABETH KNOTT,
MARIA SHEPPARD, and 1,620 others.

From the Nottingham Review.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

If ever an illustration was given of the eloquence of singing, it was afforded last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, to those persons who attended the concerts in the Mechanics' Hall. Truth, nature, humanity found voice then in sounds, which were not only musical in themselves, but rendered all the MORE musical by the strong, deep feeling with which they were, if we may so speak, laden, and which rendered them not only lovely, and joy-giving, but in the highest sense inspiring. To say that the singing of these vocalists is powerful, would convey but a meagre idea of its real character. It is thrilling—rooving—it stirs the whole soul, takes the entire being by storm, and bathes it, not only in an impassioned melody, but in emotions the most ardent and divine. To say that their singing is finished, in the ITALIAN OPERA sense, would be untrue, for 'tis not the singing of ART, but of NATURE, with tones as varied and unstudied as those which float through creation, and fall on the ears of all who are not dead to the influence of the beautiful, in moan of ocean, or wail of wintry winds—in song of birds, or buz of happy insects which sport in sunshine, as the voices of the varied, the universal God. It is finished singing, however, in the NOBLEST sense, for it quite evidently is the breathing of the soul, and not a mere effort of the lungs,—it borrows its power from mind and heart, and not merely from the artistic skill, which manages with due dexterity the modulations of the voice. It is the singing which moves as if to song, the feelings of the listener, and locates him for a season in a purer world. It is the singing which arouses the most exquisite of sensibilities, and renders the